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11



THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXII.

DRYDEN



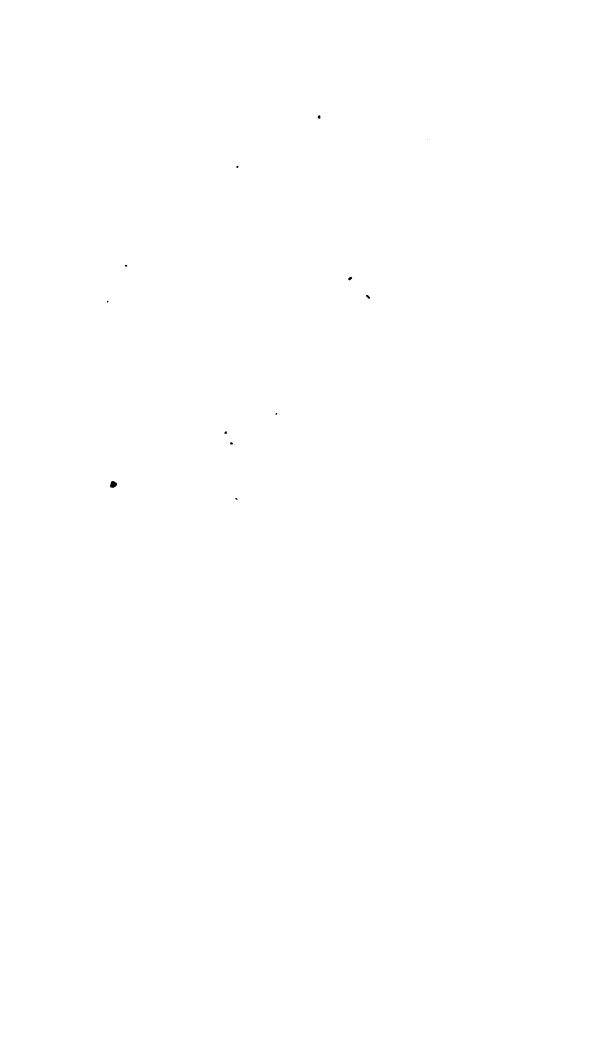
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VOL. XXII.

DRYDEN, VOL. V. VI.







DRYDEN VOL. V.

But cry'd back, cock, and give a sudden start,
As fore-dismay'd and frighted at the heart;

Fig. 45.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise—
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. GRAY.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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1807.



THE
COCK AND THE FOX;

OR,
THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor :
Deep in a *cell** her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found, 5
Since last she laid *her husband*† in the ground,
A simple, sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread :
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter-rent ; 10
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
An ewe call'd Mally, and three brindled cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs, around, 15
Of savoury smell ; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made ;

* The Editor proposes to read *dell*.

† Reading a *husband* would divest the verse of its present absurdity.

rant sauce she knew, nor could,
ger gave a relish to her meat :
g diet did her health assure ;
a pepper posset was her cure.
he day was done, her work she sped,
er went by candle-light to bed :
ercise she sweat ill humours out,
cing was not hinder'd by the gout.
erty was glad ; her heart, content ;
ew she what the spleen or vapours
ine she never tasted through the yea
ite and black was all her homely che
bread, and milk (but first she skin
bowls),
shers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
y-days an egg, or two at most ;
ambition never reach'd to roast.
ard she had with pales inclos'd abou
nigh, some low, and a dry ditch with
a this homestead, liv'd, without a pe
the nobler Chanticleer :

High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
 In dents embattled like a castle wall ; 50
 His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet ;
 Blue were his legs ; and orient were his feet ;
 White were his nails, like silver to behold ;
 His body glitt'ring like the burnish'd gold.
 This gentle cock, for solace of his life, 55
 Six misses had, besides his lawful wife ;
 Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
 Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood ;
 His sisters both by sire and mother's side ;
 And sure their likeness show'd them near ally'd. 60
 But make the worst, the monarch did no more,
 Than all the Ptolemys had done before :
 When incest is for interest of a nation,
 'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
 Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone, 65
 Which by their common ugliness are known.

But passing this as from our tale apart,
 Dame Partlet was the sov'reign of his heart :
 Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
 He feather'd her a hundred times a day : 70
 And she, that was not, only passing fair,
 But was withal discreet, and debonair,
 Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
 Though loth ; and let him work his wicked will :
 At board and bed was affable and kind, 75
 According as their marriage-vow did bind,
 And as the church's precept had injoin'd.

By this her husband's heart she
What cannot beauty, join'd with
She was his only joy; and he, her
She, when he walk'd, went pecking
If, spurning up the ground, he spr
The tribute, in his bill, to her was
But, oh! what joy it was to hear h
In summer, when the day began to
Stretching his neck, and warbling in
Solus cum sola, then was all his note
For in the days of yore, the birds of
Were bred to speak, and sing, :
lib'ral arts.

It happ'd that, perching on the p
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly d
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and gr
As every breath he drew would be h
Dame Partlet, ever nearest

' And madam, well I might,' said Chanticleer,
 ' Never was *shrovetide* cock in such a fear,
 ' E'en still I run all over in a sweat,
 ' My princely senses not recover'd yet,
 ' For such a dream I had of dire potent,
 ' That much I fear my body will be shent: 110
 ' It bodes I shall have wars and woeful strife,
 ' Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
 ' Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled
 ' breast, }
 ' That in our yard I saw a murd'rous beast,
 ' That on my body would have made arrest. 115 }
 ' With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
 ' His colour was betwixt a red and yellow;
 ' Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
 ' Were black; and much unlike his other hairs:
 ' The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
 ' With broader forehead, and a sharper snout: 121
 ' Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
 ' That yet methinks I see him with surprize.
 ' Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
 ' And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.' 125
 Now, "Fy for shame," quoth she, "by Heav'n
 "above,
 "Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
 "No woman can endure a recreant knight,
 "He must be bold by day, and free by night:
 "Our sex desires a husband, or a friend, 130
 "Who can our honor, and his own defend;

88
 " How dar'st thou talk of
 " fight?
 " How dar'st thou tell thy dai
 " Hast thou no manly heart: :
 " If aught from fearful drea
 " They signify a cock of dungh
 " All dreams, as in old Galen
 " Are from repletion and comp
 " From rising fumes of indigeste
 " And noxious humours that infe
 " And sure, my lord, if I can re
 " These foolish fancies, you hav
 " Are certain symptoms (in the c
 " Of boiling choler, and aboundi
 " This yellow gall that in your
 " Engenders all these visionary t
 " When choler overflows, then
 " Of flames -

“ More I could say, but thus conclude my
“ theme, 160

The dominating humour makes the dream.

Cato was in his time accounted wise,

And he condemns them all for empty lies.

Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound, 165 }
And purge the peccant humours that abound. }

I should be loth to lay you on a bier ;

And though there lives no 'pothecary near,

I dare for once prescribe for your disease,

And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's
“ fees. 170

“ Two sov'reign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand, (for in our yard they grow,)

On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy :

You must both purge and vomit ; but obey, 175

And, for the love of heav'n, make no delay.

Since hot and dry in your complexion join,

Beware the sun, when in a vernal sign ;

For, when he mounts exalted in the ram,

If then he finds your body in a flame, 180

Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,

A tertian ague is at least your lot.

Perhaps a fever (which the Gods forefend)

May bring your youth to some untimely end :

And therefore, sir ! as you desire to live,—185

A day or two before your laxative,

" These digestives prepare you for y
 " Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge
 " And of ground-ivy add a leaf or tw
 " All which within our yard or gard
 " Eat these, and be, my Lord, of be
 " Your father's son was never born t
 ' Madam,' quoth he, ' grammercy !
 ' But Cato, whom you quoted, you
 ' 'Tis true, a wise and worthy man
 ' And (as you say) gave no belief to
 ' But other men of more authority,
 ' And, by th' immortal powers, as
 ' Maintain, with sounder sense, th
 ' bode ;
 ' For Homer, plainly, says they co
 ' Nor Cato said it : but some mod
 ' Impos'd, in Cato's name, on boy
 ' Believe me Madam, morning c

' That day had been the baiting of a bull, 215

' 'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,

' That no void room in chamber, or on ground ;

' And but one sorry bed was to be found :

' And that so little it would hold but one,

' Though till this hour they never lay alone. 220

' So were they forc'd to part ; one stay'd behind ;

' His fellow sought what lodging he could find :

' At last he found a stall where oxen stood,

' And that he rather chose than lie abroad.

' 'Twas in a farther yard without a door ; 225

' But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.

' His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,

' Was weary, and without a rocker slept :

' Supine he snor'd ; but in the dead of night,

' He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,

' Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry, 231

' Said, " Help me, brother, or this night I die :

" Arise, and help, before all help be vain,

" Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain."

' Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,

' Shiver'ing with horror, and with aking heart ; 236

' At length to cure himself by reason tries ;

' 'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies ?

' So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.

' His dream returns ; his friend appears again : 240

" The murderers come, now help, or I am slain."

' 'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.

' He dreams the third : but now his friend appear'd

' Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood

' Unheav'd :

" Tardy of aid, unscar'd my
 " Awake, and with the dawn
 " Take to the western gate th
 " For by that passage they my
 " My corpse is in a tumbrel
 " The filth and ordure, and
 " That cart arrest, and raise
 " For sacred hunger of my
 " Then shew'd his grisly v
 " drew
 " A piteous sigh; and took
 " The frightened friend aro
 " And found the stall wher
 " Then of his impious host
 " Was answer'd that his gue
 " Mutt'ring he went," said
 " And much complain'd
 " This rais'd suspicion in

y murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead ;
 :ngeance and justice on the villain's head !
 : magistrates ! who sacred laws dispense,
 n you I call, to punish this offence." 280

The word thus given, within a little space,
 e mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.

l in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
 d in the dung the murder'd body found ;
 ough breathless, warm, and reeking from }
 ' the wound. 285

od Heav'n, whose darling attribute we find
 oundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
 hors the cruel ; and the deeds of night,
 wondrous ways, reveals in open light :
 rder may pass unpunish'd for a time, 290

: tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
 d oft a speedier pain the guilty feels :
 e hue and cry of heaven pursues him at the
 ' heels,

sh from the fact, as in the present case. }
 : criminals are seiz'd upon the place ; 295
 rter and host confronted, face to face ;

F in denial :—as the law appoints,
 engines they distend their tortur'd joints ;
 was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,
 d public justice on th' offenders done. 300

Here may you see that visions are to dread ;
 d, in the page that follows this, I read
 two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
 uc'd in partnership to cross the main :

• Full fairly stands on the

‘ One evening it befel, that lo
‘ The wind they long had wish’d
‘ Well-pleas’d they went to rest
‘ Till morn continued, both reso
‘ But as together in a bed they li
‘ The younger had a dream at br
‘ A man he thought stood frow
‘ Who warn’d him for his safety
‘ Nor put to sea, but safe on sh
“ I come, thy genius, to comm
“ Trust not the winds, for fatal
“ And death, unhop’d, attends t
‘ The vision said : and vanis
‘ The dreamer waken’d in a me
‘ Then pull’d his drowsy neigh
‘ What in his slumber he had :
‘ His friend smil’d scornful, ar

- "Light-sheds are many, greater fumes are sad :
 "Both are the ridiculous soul run mad ; 335
 "And many misadventures fairs in sleep we see,
 "That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 "Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
 "Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 "The miser's legends are for truths receiv'd, 340
 "And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
 "Sometimes we but rehearse a former play, }
 "The night restores our actions done by day ; }
 "As hounds in sleep will open for their prey. }
 "In short, the fumes of dreams is of a piece, 345
 "Chimeras all ; and more absurd, or less :
 "You, who believe in tales, abide alone ;
 "Whatever I get this voyage is my own."
 "Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
 "That call'd aboard ; and took his last adieu. 350
 "The vessel went before a merry gale,
 "And, for quick passage, put on every sail :
 "But when least fear'd, and e'en in open day,
 "The mischief overtook her on the way :
 "Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find ; 355
 "Or whether she was overet with wind ;
 "Or that some rock, below, her bottom rent ;
 "But down, at once, with all her crew, she went :
 "Her fellow ships from far her loss decry'd ;
 "But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
 "By this example you are taught again, 361
 "That dreams and visions are not always vain :

' Whose holy life the legen
 ' Warn'd in a dream, his r
 ' From point to point, as ad
 ' All circumstances to his m
 ' (A wonder from a child of
 ' The dream with horror he
 ' From treason counsel'd him
 ' But close to keep the secre
 ' For a boy's vision small be
 ' The pious child, by promi
 ' Nor was the fatal murder l
 ' By Quenda slain, he fell b
 ' Made a young martyr, by l
 ' The tale is told by venerabl
 ' Which, at your better leisu
 ' Macrobius, too, relates t
 ' To the great Scipio, with t
 ' Objections —

or must th' exalted butler be forgot,
 or he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.
 And did not Croesus the same death foresee,
 his'd, in his vision, on a lofty tree? 395
 the wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
 dreamt of his death the night before he dy'd;
 'till was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
 it men, to death decreed, are warn'd in vain:
 : dar'd the dream; and, by his fatal foe,
 ' was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
 or see the ruddy day begins to break; 402
 'till this suffice, that plainly I foresee
 my dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
 it neither pills nor laxatives I like, 405
 they only serve to make the well-man sick:
 if these his gain the sharp physician makes,
 and often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
 they not correct, but poison all the blood,
 and ne'er did any but the doctors good. 410
 their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
 'till every work of 'pothecary's hall.

These melancholy matters I forbear:
 it let me tell thee, (Partlet mine!) and swear,
 that when I view the beauties of thy face, 415
 I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace.
 may my soul have bliss, as, when I spy
 the scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
 'till thou art constant to thy own true knight,
 'till thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
 / sorrows at thy presence take their flight.

- That woman is to man his
- For when, by night, I feel
- Though, for the narrow pen
- Yet I have such a solace in
- That all my boding cares are
- And e'en, already, I forget n
- He said; and downward flew fr
- For day-light now began apace
- The thrush to whistle, and the
- Then crowing clapp'd his wings,
- To chuck his wives together in

By this, the widow had unbar
 And Chanticleer went strutting o
 With royal courage, and with h
 As shew'd he scorn'd the visions
 Now, roaming in the yard, he s
 And gave, to Partlet, the first gr
 Then often feather'd her with w
 And trod her twenty times, ere
 And took, by turns. and —

And, since the vernal equinox, the sun,
 In Aries, twelve degrees, or more, had run ;
 When casting up his eyes against the light,
 Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd
 right ; 455

And told more truly, than th' Ephemeris :
 For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus mumb'ring times, and seasons, in his breast,
 His second crowing the third hour confess'd.

Then coming, said to Partlet, ' See, my dear, 460

' How lavish nature has adorn'd the year ;

' How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,

' And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing :

' All these are ours ; and I with pleasure see

' Man strutting on two legs, and aping me : 465

' An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,

' Endow'd with fewer particles of flame :

' Our dame sits couring o'er a kitchen fire,

' I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire :

' And, e'en this day, in more delight abound, 470

' Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.'

' The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
 His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss :

The created bird shall by experience know,
 Love made not him his master-piece below ; 475

And learn, the latter end of joy is woe.

The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,

And Heav'n will have him taste his other tun.

Ye wits, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
 Which proves that oft the proud by flatt'ry fall :

As if, in book of mar
A fox full-fraught
That fear'd an oath, b
Who look'd like Lent
And durst not sin befo
This pious cheat, that ne
Nor chew'd the flesh
could;
Had pass'd three sumn
wood:
And musing long, whon
On Chanticleer his wick
And, in his high imagin
By stratagem, to gratify
The plot contriv'd, be
Saint Reynard through the
The pale was next, but, I
He leant at the

—PPY DOUT

—forsake the safety of thy bow'r :
tatter'd for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
and not that day descended from the beam !
But here the doctors eagerly dispute :
some hold predestination absolute :
some clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresaw,
and, in the virtue of foresight, decrees. 5
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
and mortals are not free to good or ill :
For what He first foresaw, He must ordain,
if His eternal prescience may be vain :
And had for us as prescience had not been : 521
First, or last, He 's author of the sin.
Who says that ? Let the blaspheming man
worse e'en of the devil, if he can.
How can that Eternal Power be just
to punish man, who sins because he must ?
How can He reward —

Content to work, in pro
But would not work at
before.

That other does not liber
But man may either act,
Heav'n made us agents free
And forc'd it not, though
Freedom was, first, bestow
And prescience only held :

If He could make such
I not dispute ; the point 's
For Heav'n's unfathom'd po
Or put to His Omnipotent
He made us to His image,
That image is the soul, and
Or not the maker's image, &
But whether it were better n
By nature bound to

Where at heart's ease he liv'd ; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin. 565

For what the devil had their sex to do ;

That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,

And could not see the serpent in the grass ?

But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence, in times of suffering, is the best, 570

'Tis dangerous to disturb an honest's nest.

In other authors you may find enough,

But all they say of dames is idle stuff.

Legends of lying wives ; together bound, 574

The wife of Bath would throw them to the ground.

These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,

I honour dames, and think their sex divine.

Now to continue what my tale began ;

Lay madam Partlet basking in the sun,

Breast-high in sand : her sisters, in a row, 580

Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.

The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,

Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea ;

And so befel, that as he cast his eye,

Among the coleworts on a butterfly, 585

He saw false Reynard where he lay full low :

I need not swear he had no list to crow :

But cry'd, ' cock, cock,' and gave a sudden start,

As sore dismay'd and frightened at his heart ;

For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know 590

Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.

So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,

Yet shunn'd him, as a sailor shuns the rocks.

" I were a beast indeed to do y
" I, who have lov'd and honour
" Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a fal
" For on my soul I never meant
" I come no spy, nor as a traitor
" To learn the secrets of your so
" Far be from Reynard so prophe
" But by the sweetness of your voi
" For, as I bid my beads, by chan
" The song as of an angel in the ya
" A song that would have charm'd th
" And banish'd horror from the dar
" Had Orpheus sung it in the nether
" So much the less

- " That, save yourself, there breathes not on the
 " One like your father for a silver-sound. [ground
 " So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
 " That matrons to the church mistook their way, }
 " And thought they heard the merry organ play. }
 " And he, to raise his voice with artful care, 628
 " (What will not beaux attempt to please the fair ?)
 " On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
 " And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length :
 " And, while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
 " As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
 " That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
 " His winking might avail to mend the note. 635
 " By this, in song, he never had his peer,
 " From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer ;
 " Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
 " Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a
 " swan.
 " Your ancestors proceed from race divine : 640
 " From Brennus and Belinus is your line ;
 " Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
 " That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.
 " Besides, a famous monk of modern times
 " Has left of cocks recorded, in his rhymes, 645
 " That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
 " (When sons of priests were from the proverb
 " Affronted once a cock of noble kind, [clear)
 " And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind ;

and in his benediction

Now sing, my lord, if not for love
Yet for the sake of sweet saint Cha
Make hills and dales, and earth

“ rejoice,

And emulate your father's angel vo

The cock was pleas'd to hear him
And proud beside, as solar people are
Nor could the treason from the truth
So was he ravish'd with this flattery :
So much the more, as, from a little
He had a high opinion of himself ;
Though sickly, slender, and not lar
Concluding all the world was made

Ye princes rais'd by poets to the
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring knave's
There's many a Reynard lurking i
And he shall be receiv'd with me
And listen'd to, than modest tru
of whom th

Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and punished by none.

Abs, what say is there in human state, 680
Or who can elude inevitable fate?

The decree was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast!

In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet, to procure his good; 685
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he;

In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal pow'r,
Each thwarting other, made a mingled hour.

On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme! 691

Ah, blissful Venus! Goddess of delight,
How could'st thou suffer thy devoted knight,

On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best? 696

Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.

Gaufride! who could'st so well in rhyme com-
plain

The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart, 700

To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain;

For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.

Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heav'n by woful Trojan dames, 705

Fair Partlet, first, when he
With sov'reign shrieks bewai
Far louder than the Carthagi
When Asdrubal, her husbar
When she beheld the smoul
And all the Punic glories at
Willing, into the fires, she
With greater ease than othe
Not more aghast the matron
When tyrant Nero burn'd t
Shrick'd, for the downfall, i
For which their guiltless
die.

Now to my story I retur
The trembling widow, and
This woful cackling cry, wi
Of those distracted damsels
And, starting up, beheld the

cow and calf, and family of hogs, 735
 nic horror of pursuing dogs ;
 many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
 swine ! as if their pretty hearts would break.
 shouts of men—the women in dismay,
 shrieks augment the terror of the day. 740
 ducks that heard the proclamation cry'd,
 fear'd a persecution might betide,
 twenty mile from town their voyage take,
 ure, in rushes of the liquid lake.
 geese fly o'er the barn ; the bees in arms 745
 : headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
 Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
 k not the city with so loud a shout ;
 when with English hate they did pursue
 enchman, or an unbelieving Jew : 750
 when the welkin rung with " one and all ;"
 echoes bounded back, from Fox's hall :
 : seem'd to sink beneath ; and heaven above }
 to fall.
 : might and main, they chac'd the murd'rous
 fox,
 : brazen trumpets, and inflated box, 755
 indle Mars with military sounds,
 wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.
 it see how Fortune can confound the wise,
 when they least expect it, turn the dice.
 :aptive-cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
 lay within the very jaws of death ; 761

‘ The vicar, my defeat, and all the v
‘ Enjoy your friendly fortune while
‘ And bid the churls, that envy you
‘ Call back their mongrel curs, and
‘ See, fools ! the shelter of the wood i
‘ And Chanticleer in your despite s
‘ He shall be pluck’d and eaten to t

“ ’Tis well advis’d, in faith it shall
This Reynard said : but, as the wort
The pris’ner, with a spring, from pri
Then stretch’d his feather’d fans, with
And, to the neighb’ring maple, wing
Whom when the traitor safe on t
He curs’d the Gods, with shame and
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of ti
For plotting an unprofitable crime :
Yet, mast’ring both, th’ artificer of l
Renews th’ assault ; and his last batte
“ Though I,” said he, “ did ne’er in th
“ How justly may my lord suspect !

" This, since you take it ill, I must repent ;
 " Though, heav'n can witness, with no bad intent,
 " I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
 " With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
 " So loyal subjects often seize their prince, 795
 " Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
 " Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence. }
 " Descend ; so help me Jove, as you shall find
 " That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.

' Nay,' quoth the cock ; ' but I beshrew us both,
 ' If I believe a saint upon his oath : 801

' An honest man may take a knave's advice,
 ' But idiots, only, may be cozen'd twice :
 ' Once warn'd, is well bewar'd ; not flattering lies }
 ' Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes, }
 ' And open mouth—for fear of catching flies.
 ' Who, blindfold, walks upon a river's brim,
 ' When he should see,—has he deserv'd to swim ?
 " Better, sir cock ! let all contention cease ;"
 " Come down ;" said Reynard ; " let us treat of
 " peace." 810

' A peace with all my soul,' said Chanticleer ;
 ' But, with your favour, I will treat it here :
 ' And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
 ' 'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.'

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see 815
 Of negligence, and fond credulity :
 And learn, besides, of flatt'ers to beware,
 Then, most pernicious, when they speak too fair.

But, sure, he knew, it was a ple
Sound sense, by plain example,
And, in a heathen author, we n
That pleasure, with instruction, s
So take the corn, and leave the

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF :

OR,

THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR,

A VISION.

W, turning from the wintry signs, the sun
course exalted, through the Ram, had run,
whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
h Taurus and the lightsome realms of love ;
Venus, from her orb, descends in show'rs, 5
the ground, and paint the fields with flow'rs :
irst, the tender blades of grass appear, }
t, that, yet, the blast of Eurus fear
he door of life : and

Though full of youthful health, :
Cares I had none, to keep me fro
For love had never enter'd in my
I wanted nothing Fortune could s
Nor did she slumber, till that hou
I wonder'd then ; but after found
Much joy had dry'd away the bal
Seas would be pools, without the
To curl the waves : and, sure, som
Should weary nature so, to make he

When Chanticleer the second
Scorning the scorner sleep, from b
And, dressing, by the moon, in lo
Pass'd out, in open air, preventing
And sought a goodly grove as fancy
Straight as a vine, in beauteous ord
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood
Fresh was the grass beneath ; and ev
At distance planted, in a due degre
Their * branching arms. in air wit

, alike, delight,
 ... music, and a charming sight.
 I long I fix'd my whole desire ; 50
 ten'd, for the queen of all the quire ;
 ould I hear her heav'nly voice to sing ;
 nted, yet, an omen to the spring.
 iding long in vain, I took the way,
 through a path, but scarcely printed, lay ;
 w mazes, oft it seem'd to meet, 56
 k'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
 ng I walk'd alone, for still methought
 strange end so strange a path was wrought :
 led me where an arbour stood, 60
 l receptacle of the wood :
 unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
 rogress I had never seen ;
 , at once, with wonder and delight,
 ound me, new to the transportation
 'd with surfeits

They rose by measure
No mortal tongue can
For none but hands did
Both roof and sides were
A soft recess, and a cool
The hedge was set so thick
The persons plac'd within
But all that pass'd without
As if nor fence, nor tree
'Twas border'd with a field
With grass ; and some way
That (now the dew, was
ground)

A sweeter spot of earth was
I look'd, and look'd, and,
Such joy, my soul ; such
And the fresh eglantine ex
Whose odours

A goldfinch, there I saw, with gawdy pride
 Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
 Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she drew
 The sweets from ev'ry flow'r, and suck'd the dew :
 Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat, 110
 And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
 But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
 Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
 When she I sought, the nightingale, reply'd : 115
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
 That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung :
 And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
 I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
 But, all o'er-power'd with ecstasy of bliss, 120
 Was in a pleasing dream of paradise ;
 At length I wak'd, and, looking round the bow'r,
 Search'd every tree, and pry'd on ev'ry flow'r,
 If any-where, by chance, I might espy,
 The rural poet of the melody : 125
 For still methought she sung, not far away :
 At last I found her on a laurel spray.
 Close by my side, she sat, and, fair in sight,
 Full, in a line, against *her* * opposite ;
 Where stood, with eglantine the laurel twin'd ; 130
 And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
 On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long ;
 (Sitting was more convenient for the song ;)
 Nor, till her lay was ended, could I move,
 But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove. 135

And, what alone did all the rest
The sweet possession of the fairy
Single, and conscious, to myself,
Of pleasures to th' excluded world
Pleasures which no where else we
And all Elysium in a spot of ground
Thus while I sat, intent to see
And drew perfumes of more than
All suddenly, I heard th' approach
Of vocal music, on th' enchanted
An host of saints it seem'd, so full
As if the bless'd above did, all, come
To join their voices, and neglect
At length, there issued from the gate

Of eastern pomp : their long descending train, 165
 With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain :
 High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
 Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
 Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
 With chaplets green, on their fair foreheads plac'd ;
 Of laurel some ; of woodbine many more ; 171
 And wreaths of *Agnus castus* others bore :
 These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
 Appear'd in higher honor than the rest.
 They danc'd around : but in the midst was seen
 A lady of a more majestic mien ; 176
 By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their sov'reign
 queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace ;
 Her servant's eyes were fix'd upon her face,
 And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
 Her measures kept, and, step by step, pursued.
 Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
 With more of godhead shining in her face ;
 And, as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
 So, nobler than the rest, was her attire. 185
 A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
 Plain without pomp, and rich without a show :
 A branch of *Agnus castus* in her hand
 She bore aloft, (her sceptre of command ;
 Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd, 190
 For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd :
 And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
 In honor of the laurel, ever young :

At every close she made, th' att
Reply'd, and bore the burden of
So just, so small, yet in so swee
It seem'd the music melted in th

Thus dancing on, and singing
They to the middle of the mead
Till round my arbor a new ring
And footed it about the secret al
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop
But somewhat aw'd, I shook wi
Yet not so much, but that I not
Who did the most in song or da

Not long I had observ'd, wh
I heard a sudden symphony of v
The neighing coursers, and the
And sounding trumps that seem'
I saw soon after this, behind the
From whence the ladies did in c
Come issuing out in arms a war
That like a deluge pour'd upon t

, were long,
 day would end before the song:
 urchase but the tenth of all their store, 225
 ld make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
 what I can, I will; before the rest
 trumpets issued in white mantles dress'd,—
 merous troop, and all their heads, around }
 chaplets green, of corrial-oak were crown'd. }
 at each trumpet was a banner bound; 231 }
 h, waving in the wind, display'd at large
 master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
 were the banners, and of snowy hue,
 r web the silk-worm never drew. 235
 ef, about their necks, the scutcheons wore,
 ient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
 re their collars, too, and every one
 about with many a costly stone.
 e, of kings at arms a good! —

Each warrior mounted
In golden armour, glo
The rivets of their arm
Their surcoats, of whit
With cloth of gold be
shade ;

The trappings of their ste
The golden fringe e'en
And drew a precious tra
Of laurel, did about thei
Three henchmen were
All in rich livery clad, a
White velvet, but unshor
And each, within his han
The foremost held a helm
A prince's ransom would
The second bore the buckl
The third of -

Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
 Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
 The boughs of woodbine, or of hawthorn held,
 Or branches, for their mystic emblems took,
 Of palm, of laurel, or of cerial-oak.
 Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound, 285 }
 Drawn in two lines adverse, they wheel'd around, }
 And, in the middle meadow, took their ground. }
 Among themselves, the tourney they divide,
 In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
 Then turn'd their horses heads, and, man to man,
 And, steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began. 291
 They lightly set their lances in the rest,
 And, at the sign, against each other press'd :
 They met. I, sitting at my ease, beheld
 The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field. 295
 Some broke their spears ; some tumbled, horse and
 man ;
 And, round the field, the lighten'd coursers ran.
 An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
 They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day :
 At length the nine, (who still together held,) 300 }
 Their fainting foes to shameful fight compell'd, }
 And, with resistless force, o'er-ran the field. }
 Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
 The victors, from their lofty steeds, alight :
 Like them, dismounted all the warlike train, 305
 And, two by two, proceeded o'er the plain :

to meet the chief
And each, with of
knight.

Amid the plain a s
The grace and orna
That pleasing shade
From sudden Apri.
heat ;

Her leafy arms with
So near the clouds w
That hosts of birds, t
Perch'd in the boughs
And flocks of sheep,
Might hear the rattling
From Heav'ns incleme
Enjoy'd the cool, and
A hundred knights mig
And ev'ry knight a 1-1

Around the holy tree, their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the farther field, 335
And a fresh object of delight beheld :
For, from the region of the West, I heard
New music sound ; and a new troop appear'd,
Of knights, and ladies, mix'd : a jolly band, 339
But, all on foot, they march'd, and hand in hand.

The ladies dress'd in rich cymars were seen }
Of Florence satin, flow'r'd with white and green, }
And, for a shade betwixt, the bloomy gridelin. }
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row ; 345
And ev'ry damsel wore, upon her head,
Of flow'rs a garland, blended white and red,
Attir'd in mantles, all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with cheerful green :
Their chaplets of their ladies' colors were, 350
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd ;
All in their master's liv'ries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets, white and red, their ladies bore. 355
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind :
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band ;
And the soft lute, trembling, beneath the touch-
ing hand.

A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lay . 360
They saw, and, thitherward, they bent their way ;

Refresh'd with heat, the ladies
For virtuous herbs; which,
ground,

They squeez'd the juice, and cool
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks
skins they laid;

Then sought green sallads, which
A sov'reign remedy for inward heat

The lady of the leaf ordain'd
And made the lady of the flower
When lo, a bow'r ascended on the
With sudden seats ordain'd, and
train.

This bow'r was near my pleasant
That I could hear and see whatever
The ladies sat, with each a knight
Distinguish'd by their colours, when
The vanquish'd party with the victors
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the
mind

When Philomel, officious all the day
 To sing the service of th' ensuing May, 440
 Led from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
 Directly to the queen array'd in white :
 And, hopping, sat familiar on her hand,
 A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding hear,
 Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat, 446
 And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter show'r,
 Now perch'd upon the lady of the flow'r ;
 And either songster, holding out their throats,
 And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes :
 As if all day, preluding to the fight, 451
 They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.

The banquet ended, and the battle done,
 They danc'd by star-light, and the friendly moon :
 And, when they were to part, the laureat queen
 Reply'd, with steeds, the lady of the green ; 456
 And her train conducting on the way,
 Mourn to follow, and avoid the day.

Thus when I saw, inquisitive to know
 Secret moral of the mystic show, 460
 Led from my shade, in hopes to find
 A nymph to satisfy my longing mind :
 As my fair adventure fell, I found
 A girl all in white, with laurel crown'd,
 Clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along, 465
 Singing to herself the former song.
 Due respect, my body I inclin'd,
 To some being of superior kind,

Great thanks, my daughter, with
She said; and I, who much desir'd
Of whence she was; yet fearful how
My mind; adventur'd humbly thus
' Madam, might I presume and not
' So may the stars and shining moon
' Your nightly sports, as you vouch;
' What nymphs they were who m
 excel,
' And what the knights, who foug
 fields so well.'

To this the dame reply'd: " I
 " know,
" That what you saw was all a fairy
" And all those airy shapes you now
" Were human bodies once, and
 " earthly mold.
" Our souls, not yet prepar'd for up
" Till doomsday wander in the shad
" This only holiday of all the year,
" We revel'd in sunshine may "

‘ And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
 ‘ He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
 “ night. 495

“ All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
 ‘ With friendly offices to help the good.
 ‘ In every land we have a larger space
 ‘ Than what is known to you of mortal race:
 ‘ Where we with green adorn our fairy bow’rs,
 ‘ And e’en this grove, unseen before, is ours. 501
 ‘ Know farther; every lady cloth’d in white,
 ‘ And crown’d with oak and laurel every knight,
 ‘ Are servants to the *Leaf*, by liv’ries known
 ‘ Of innocence; and I myself am one. 505
 ‘ Saw you not her so graceful to behold,
 ‘ In white attire, and crown’d with radiant gold?
 ‘ The sov’reign lady of our land is she,
 ‘ Diana call’d, the queen of chastity:
 ‘ And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
 ‘ That *Agnus castus* in her hand appears; 511
 ‘ And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown’d,
 ‘ Were for unblam’d virginity renown’d;
 ‘ But those, the chief, and highest in command,
 ‘ Who bear those holy branches in their hand: 515
 ‘ The knights, adorn’d with laurel crowns, are
 “ they,
 ‘ Whom death, nor danger, never could dismay,
 ‘ Victorious names, who made the world obey:
 ‘ Who, while they liv’d, in deeds of arms excell’d,
 ‘ And after death for deities were held. 520

...painted faith,
" From fears, and fickle chance
" The lords and ladies, who th
" As true as Tristram and Isol
" But what are those," said I
" nine,
" Who, crown'd with laurel-w
" armour, shine?
" And who the knights in green
" train
" Of ladies, dress'd with daisies,
" Why both the bands, in worsh
" And some adore the Flower, and
" Just is your suit, fair daughte
" Those laurel'd chiefs were men
" Nine worthies were they call
" rites;
" Three jews, three pagans, an
" knights.
" These, as you see, ride foremos
" As they the foremos

- " For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
 " Emblems of valor, and of victory. 545
 " Behold an order yet of newer date,
 " Doubling their number, equal in their state;
 " Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
 " In battle brave, protectors of their prince: 549
 " Unchang'd by fortune, to their sov'reign true,
 " For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
 " These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd, }
 " In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd, }
 " And well repaid the honors which they gain'd. }
 " The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
 " And still they Cæsar's successors adorn: 556
 " One leaf of this, is immortality,
 " And more of worth than all the world can buy."
 " One doubt remains ;" said I, " the dames in
 " green,
 " What were their qualities, and who their queen?"
 " Flora commands," said she, " those nymphs and
 " knights, 561
 " Who liv'd in slothful ease, and loose delights ;
 " Who never acts of honor durst pursue,
 " The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue :
 " Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
 " Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and
 " sports, 566
 " Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
 " And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of
 " their green.

“ And still continue, what at
“ Continue, and proceed, in
“ No room for cowardice, or
“ From good to better the
“ way.

“ For this with golden spurs,
“ With pointed rowels arm’d
“ For this, with lasting leave
“ bound ;

“ For laurel is the sign of lat
“ Which bears the bitter blas
“ to ground :

“ From winter winds it suffer
“ For ever fresh and fair, and
“ E’en when the vital sap ret
“ E’en when the hoary head
“ The life is in the *leaf*, and,
“ The fits of falling snow ann

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

"For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
 "Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden at
 decay'd." 59.

With humble words, (the wisest I could frame,
 And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame,—
 That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
 The secret meaning of this moral show.
 And she, to prove what profit I had made 600
 Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
 Demanded till the next returning May,
 Whether the *leaf* or *flow'r* I would obey?
 I chose the leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
 And wish'd me fair adventure, for the year, 605
 And gave me charms, and sigils, for defence
 Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
 "But I," said she, "my fellows must pursue,
 'Already past the plain, and out of view."

We parted thus: I homeward sped my way,
 Twil'der'd in the wood till dawn of day: 611
 And met the merry crew who danc'd about the
 May.

When late, refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
 Of visionary vigils of the night.
 O'ershadow'd, as thou may'st, my little book! with shame;
 For hope, with homely verse, to purchase fame;
 Such thy Maker chose; and, so, design'd
 Simple style, to suit thy lowly kind. 618

HER TALE.

IN days of old, when Arthur fill'd the
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands w
The king of elfs, and little fairy queen,
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on eve
And, where the jolly troop had led the
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the
Nor, darkling, did they dance; the silv
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps ar
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolo
night.

Her beams they follow'd, where at full st
No longer than she shed her horns they st
From thence, with airy flight, to foreig
convey'd.

Above the rest our Britain held they dea
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths
And made more spacious rings, and revel

and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
 penny to reward her pain :
 s, with prayers and other goodly geer,
 e the merry goblins disappear ; 25
 re they play'd their merry prauks before,
 nkled holy water on the floor :
 , that through the wealthy regions run,
 the motes that twinkle in the sun,
 farmers rich, and bless their halls, 30
 ise the beds, and cross the walls.
 s the fairy quires forsake the place,
 e 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace.
 walks where wicked elves have been, }
 ing of the parish now is seen, 35 }
 ight parson posting o'er the green, }
 ntuck'd up, to wakes ; for Sunday next, }
 rming ale encouraging his text : }
 the holy leer to country-girl betwixt. }
 ls, and imps, he sets the village free, 40
 nts not any incubus but he.
 ; and women need no danger fear
 y night, and sanctity so near :
 ne haycock, or some shady thorn,
 is beads both even song and morn. 45
 :fel in this king Arthur's reign, }
 ight was pricking o'er the plain ; }
 r he was, and of the courtly train. }
 d, as he rode, a damsel gay ;
 obes, to market took her way : 50

Now turning short, he better likes her
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful
By force accomplish'd his obscene desir
This done, away he rode not unespy'd,
For swarming at his back the country c
And, once in view, they never lost the
But seiz'd, and pinion'd, brought to
knight.

Then courts of kings were held in hi
Ere made the common brothels of the
There, virgins honorable vows receiv'd,
But chaste, as maids in monasteries, liv'
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave
No bad example to his poets gave :
And they, (not bad, but in a vicious age
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd

Now, what should Arthur do? He
knight,
But sov'reign monarchs are the source of :
Mov'd by the damsel's tears, and comm

and with their mistress join'd in close debate,
 Lov'ring their kindness with dissembled hate,) }
 not to free him, to prolong his fate. 81 }
 At last agreed, they call'd him, by consent,
 Before the queen, and female parliament.
 And the fair speaker, rising from the chair.
 Did thus the judgment of the house declare. 85
 " Sir knight! though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
 Thy destiny depends upon my will:
 Nor hast thou other surety than the grace,
 (Not due to thee) from our offended race.
 But as our kind is of a softer mold, 90
 And cannot blood, without a sigh, behold,
 I grant thee life; reserving still the pow'r
 To take the forfeit when I see my hour:
 Unless thy answer to my next demand
 Shall set thee free from our avenging hand. 95
 The question, whose solution I require,
 Is, *What the sex of women most desire?*
 In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
 Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
 If (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say, 100
 Thou damn thyself) we give thee further day:
 A year is thine to wander at thy will;
 I learn from others, if thou wantst the skill,
 Not to hold our *proffer* * in scorn,
 And sureties will we have for thy return; 105

apply the sense, and a syllable, the Editor would read
terma.

— when he knew 'twas
The terms accepted,—
He put in bail for his re
And promis'd answer, at
The best, with Heav'n's
His leave thus taken,
With heavy heart, and fu
Misdoubting much, and f
'Twas hard the truth of s
As was not yet agreed am
Thus on he went; still at
Ask'd all he met, and knoc
Enquir'd of men; but ma
To learn from women what
They answer'd each, accor
To please—herself, not all
One was for wealth; anoth
Crones, old and uglv. wish'

thought the sex's prime felicity 135
from the bonds of wedlock to be free ;
pleasures, hours, and actions, all their
own ;

uncontrol'd, to give account to none.

with a husband-fool ; but such are curst,
tools perverse, of husbands are the worst. 140
women would be counted chaste and wise ;
should our spouses see—but with our eyes ;
fools will prate ; and tho' they want the wit
and close faults, yet open blots will hit :
better, for their ease, to hold their tongue, 145
womankind was never in the wrong.

disenues, and quarrels last for life ;
wife abhors the fool ; the fool, the wife.
some men say that great delight have we,
e for truth extoll'd, and secrecy: 150
constant in one purpose still to dwell ;
not our husbands counsels to reveal.
that's a fable ; for our sex is frail,
telling rather than not tell a tale.

leaky sieves no secrets we can hold ; 155
less the famous tale that Ovid told.
idas the king, as in his book appears,
hæbus was endow'd with ass's ears,
ch. under his long locks he well conceal'd—
monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd, 160
ear the people have them in the wind,
long ago were neither dumb nor blind:

10 none but to his wife his
One must be trusted, and he
As passing prudent, and a pa
To this sagacious confessor h
And told her what a gift the C
But told it under matrimonial
With strict injunction never t
The secret heard, she plighted
(And sacred sure is every won
The royal malady should rest
Both for her husband's honor
But ne'ertheless she pin'd with
The counsel rumbled till it fou
The thing she knew she was oblig
By interest, and by oath, the wif
But if she told it not, the woma
Loth to betray a husband and a
But she must burst on his

Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
 And, as a *bittour* bumps within a reed*,
 "To thee alone, O lake!" she said, "I tell; 195
 "(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal;)
 "Beneath his locks, the king, my husband, wears
 "A goodly, royal pair of ass's ears.
 "Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
 "Till the next longing fit return again." 200

Thus, thro' a woman, was the secret known;
 Tell us, and, in effect, you tell the town.
 But to my tale: The knight with heavy cheer,
 Wand'ring in vain, had now consum'd the year:
 One day was only left to solve the doubt, 205
 Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
 But home he must; and, as th' award had been,
 Yield up his body captive to the queen.
 In this despairing state he hapt to ride,
 As fortune led him, by a forest side: 210
 Lonely, the vale, and, full of horror, stood,
 Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
 When full before him at the noon of night,
 (The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light,)
 He saw a quire of ladies in a round, 215
 That, featly footing, seem'd to skim the ground:
 Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
 He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
 At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
 In hope where many women were, at least 220
 Some one, at least, might answer his request.

* Now called a *bit'ern*; *bumping* is the expression for the bird's noise.

A nan grandame apes, in India
Against a wither'd oak she lea
Propp'd on her trusty staff, ne
And dropp'd an aukward court
Then said, " What makes you
" Without a guide, and this r
" Or want you aught that her
" Or travel for some trouble :
" The last I guess ; and, if I
" Those of our sex are bound
" Perhaps good counsel may y
" Then tell your pain ; for w
 To this the knight : " Good
" The secret cause and spring of
" My life must with to-morrow
" Unless I tell what women me
" Now, could you help me, at
" Or for your inborn goodness,
" Yours is my life, redeem'd by
" Ask what you please, and I w

I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and
wife."

More words there needed not, to move the
knight,

to take her offer, and his truth to plight.

With that, she spread a mantle on the ground, 255

and, first, inquiring whither he was bound,

told him 'not fear, though long and rough the way,

At court he should arrive ere break of day ;

His horse should find the way without a guide ;

He said : with fury they began to ride, 260

He was the midst, the beldam at his side.

He horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,

It only this, they sped their journey well :

And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,

How he should answer the demand aright, 265

To court they came ; the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.

The female senate was assembled soon,

With all the mob of women in the town :

The queen sate lord chief justice of the hall, 270

And bade the crier cite the criminal.

The knight appear'd ; and silence they proclaim :

Then, first, the culprit answer'd to his name :

And, after forms of law, was, last, requir'd

To name the thing that women most desir'd. 275

Th' offender—taught his lesson by the way,

And by his counsel order'd what to say—

‘ All must be her’s, *both* * money, no
‘ The maids are mistresses, e’en in th
‘ And of their servants, full dominio
‘ This at the peril of my head, I say
‘ A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to
‘ You, to rule all ; while we, like sl
There was not one, or widow, maid,
But said the knight had well deserv’
E’en fair Geneura, with a blush, coi
The man had found what women love

Upstarts the beldam, who was th
And, (rev’rence made,) accosted th
“ My liege,” said she, “ before the
“ May I, poor wretch, find favor, i
“ To grant my just request : ’twas I
“ The knight this answer, and inspi
“ None but a woman could a man
“ To tell us women what we most
“ But first I swore him on his kni
“ (And here demand performance c

The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny, 305
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent, to brothers of the bar) 310
Cry'd, one and all, 'The suppliant should have
right,'

And to the grandam-hag adjudg'd the knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note; 315
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save [throat.
His body, destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
And nothing, but the man, would serve her turn.
"Not all the wealth of Eastern kings," said she,
"Have power to part my plighted love and me:
"And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
"Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
"For mine thou art, by promise, during life; 325
"And I, thy loving and obedient wife."

'My love! nay rather my damnation thou;—
Said he,—'nor am I bound to keep my vow;
'The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
'Else how could'st thou my secret sorrows know?
'Avant, old witch! for I renounce thy bed: }
'The queen may take the forfeit of my head, }
'Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.'

Not able to sustain a
Perhaps the reader thin
To pass the marriage-fe
Mirth there was none; t
And little courage had
To bed they went, the
Was never such an ill-pa
Restless he toss'd, and tur
And roll'd and wriggled
The good old wife lay, sn
And caught him in her quiv
" When you my ravish'd
" You were not then becom
" Had you been such, you n
law.
" Is this the custom of king
" Are all round-table knight
" Remember I am at

, not your wife,—let reason's rule,—persuade;
 ame but my fault; amends shall soon be made."
 Amends! nay that's impossible,' said he; 365
 hat change of age, or ugliness, can be?
 , could Medea's magic mend thy face,
 ou art descended from so mean a race,
 at never knight was match'd with such dis-
 grace.

hat wonder, Madam, if I move my side, 370
 hen, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?"

And is this all that troubles you so sore?"
 nd what the devil could'st thou wish me more?"
 h, *Benedicite!*"—reply'd the crone——

hen cause of just complaining have you none.
 he remedy to this were soon apply'd,
 ould you be, like the bridegroom, to the bride:
 at, for you say a long descended race,
 nd wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
 ake gentlemen; and that your high degree 380
 much disparag'd to be match'd with me.

ow this, my Lord, nobility of blood

but a glitt'ring and fallacious good:

he nobleman, is—he whose noble mind
 fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his
 kind. 385

he king of heav'n was in a manger laid;
 nd took his earth but from an humble maid;
 hen what can birth, or mortal men bestow?
 nce floods, no higher than their fountains, flow.

“ And vast estates to mighty
“ Did not your honor, but th
“ For virtue comes not by i
“ If you tralincate from you
“ What are you else but of
“ Do, as your great progeni
“ And, by your VIRTUES p
“ No father can infuse or w
“ A mother comes across, a
“ A grandsire or a grandam
“ And seldom three descent
“ Were virtue by descent,
“ Could never villanize his
“ But, as the first, the last
“ Would, like the sun, e’er
“ Take fire, and bear it to t
“ Betwixt king Arthur’s co
“ If you depart, the flame s

- " If better luck a better mother give ; 420
 " Chance gave us being, and, by chance we live.
 " Such as our atoms were, e'en such are we ; }
 " Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity : }
 " Thus, loaded with dead weight, the will is free. }
 " And thus it needs must be : for seed, conjoin'd,
 " Lets, into Nature's work, th' imperfect kind :
 " But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame, 427
 " Is one ; its operation, still the same.
 " Its principle is in itself : while ours
 " Works, as confed'rates war, with mingled powers.
 " Or man or woman, whichsoever fails— 431
 " And, oft, the vigor of the *worse* prevails ;
 " (*Æther*, with sulphur blended, alters hue,
 " And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue ;)
 " Thus, in a brute—their ancient honor ends ; 435
 " And the fair mermaid, in a fish descends.
 " The line is gone. No longer duke or earl ;
 " But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
 " Nobility of blood, is but renown
 " Of thy great fathers, by their virtue known,— }
 " And a long trail of light, to thee descending }
 down. 441
 " If in thy smoke it ends, *their* glories shine ;
 " But infamy, and villanage, are *thine*.
 " Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
 " The true nobility proceeds from God : 445
 " Nor left us by inheritance ; but giv'n
 " By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heav'n.
 " Thus, from a captive, Servius Tullius rose,
 " Whom, for his virtues, the first Romans chose

...and,

- " That (tho' my homely ancestor
- " Mean as I am, yet I may have
- " To make you father of a gen'r
- " And noble, then, am I—when
- " In virtue cloath'd, to cast the
- " If poverty be my upbraided cri
- " And you believe in Heav'n; th
- " When he, the great controller
- " Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in
- " Which He who had the world:
- " If poverty were vice, would nev
- " Philosophers have said, and poet
- " That a glad poverty's an honest
- " Content is wealth, the riches of
- " And happy he, who can that trea
- " But the base miser starves, amidst
- " Broods on his gold; and, griping s
- " Sits sadly pining, and believes he's
- " The ragged beggar, tho' he want
- " Has not to lose

- “ Prudence, at once, and fortitude, it gives ;
“ And, if in patience taken, mends our lives ; 480
“ For e’en that indigence, that brings me low,
“ Makes me—myself, and, Him above, to know.
“ A good which none would challenge, few would
 choose ;
“ A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
“ If we from wealth, to poverty, descend, 485
“ Want gives to know the flatt’rer from the friend.
 “ If I am old and ugly,—well for you !
“ No lewd adulterer will my love pursue ;
“ Nor jealousy, the bane of marry’d life,
“ Shall haunt you, for a wither’d homely wife ; 490
“ For age and ugliness, as all agree,
“ Are the best guards of female chastity.
 “ Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
“ I’ll do my best to further your content.
“ And, therefore, of two gifts in my dispose, 495
“ (Think ere you speak!) I grant you leave to
 choose.
“ Would you I should be, still deform’d and old,
“ Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold,
“ On this condition—to remain for life
“ A careful, tender, and obedient wife ; 500
“ In all I can, contribute to your ease ;
“ And not in deed, or word, or thought, displease ?
“ Or, would you rather have me young and fair,
“ And take the chance that happens to your share ?
“ Temptations are in beauty, and in youth ; 505
“ And how can you depend upon my truth ?

...sigh'd the knight, who thus
heard ;

At length, considering all, his heart he
And thus reply'd : ‘ My lady and m
‘ To your wise conduct I resign my
‘ Choose you for me ; for well you
‘ The future good and ill, on either
‘ But (if an humble husband may requ
‘ Provide, and order all things, for th
‘ Yours be the care to profit and to p
‘ And let your subject servant take h
“ Then thus, in peace,”—quoth
cludes the strife ;

“ Since I am turn’d the husband ; ye
“ The matrimonial victory is mine,
“ Which, having fairly gain’d, I will
“ Forgive, if I have said, or done am
“ And seal the bargain with a friendl
“ I promis’d you but one content to
“ But, now, I will become—both go
“ No nuptial quarrel shall disturb ye

Small arguments there needed to prevail; 535

A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.

Thus, long, in mutual bliss, they lay embrac'd;

And their first love, continued to the last:

One sunshine was their life, no cloud between;

Nor ever was a kinder couple seen. 540

And so may all our lives like theirs be led;

Heav'n send the maids, young husbands fresh in bed;

May widows wed as often as they can,

And, ever, for the better, change their man;

And some devouring plague pursue their lives,

Who will not well be govern'd by their wives. 545



A G

A PARISH priest
An awful, rev'rend
His eyes diffus'd a
And charity, itself,
Rich was his soul, th
(As God had cloth'd
For such, on earth, hi
Of sixty years he seen
To sixty more, but tha
Refin'd himself to soul,
And made, almost
V

g down the golden chain from high,
 his audience upward to the sky. 20
 with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears
 more melodious than the spheres):
 left him, when he went to rest,
 and, after Him, he sung the best.
 his great commission, in his look: 25
 tly, temper'd awe; and soften'd all he
 oke.
 d the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell, }
 d the sinner with becoming zeal; }
 rnal mercy lov'd to dwell. }
 the gospel rather than the law; 30
 t himself* to drive; but lov'd to draw.
 it freezes minds: but love, like heat,
 e soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
 the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 n his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
 the milder beams of mercy play, 36
 and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
 and thunder (heaven's artillery)
 ers before th' almighty fly:
 proclaim his stile, and disappear; 40
 sound succeeds, and God is there.
 es, his parish freely paid, he took;
 ued, or curs'd with bell and book.

* *would* is offered as the idea probably intended
 'd himself', should this negligent expression ap-

... churchis, accordi
(Who grudge their dues, an
The less he sought his off'rin
And prais'd a priest, content
Yet, of his little, he had
To feed the famish'd, and to
For mortify'd he was to that
A poorer than himself, he w
True priests, he said, and preac
Were only stewards of their s
Nothing was theirs; but all, th
Intrusted riches, to relieve the
Who, should they steal, for w
He judg'd himself accomplice w
Wide was his parish; not co
In streets, but here, and th
house;
Yet still he was at hand, (withou
To serve the sick; to succour th
Tempting, on foot, alone, withou
The dangers of a dark

atch'd his flock, by night and day; }
 he prowling wolf redeem'd the prey; }
 y sent the wily fox away. }

ad he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd: 75
 uke the rich offender fear'd.

ing much, but more his practice wrought
 ermon of the truths he taught);

r rules severe his life he squar'd—
 ght see the doctrine which they heard. 80

he said, are patterns for the rest
 f heaven, who bear the God impress'd):

he precious coin is kept unclean,
 gn's image is no longer seen.

foul, on whom the people trust, 85
 the baser brass, contract a rust.

late, for his holy life, he priz'd;
 r pomp of prelacy despis'd.

r came not with a gaudy shew;
 is kingdom of the world below. 90

want, and poverty of mind—
 ks of church and churchmen He }
 ign'd, }

; taught, and, dying, left behind.

He wore was of the pointed thorn:

He was crucify'd, not born, 95
 contend for place and high degree,

s sons, but those of Zebedee.

he knew the signs of earthly pow'r
 become Saint Peter's successor;

The prince may keep his plain.

Such was the saint; who shone with
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face
God saw his image, lively, was express'd
And his own work, as in creation, best

The tempter saw him, too, with
And, as on Job, demanded leave to go
He took the time when Richard was
And high and low with happy Harrow
This prince, tho' great in arms, the people
Near tho' he was, yet not the next
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd
A king can give no more than is his
The title stood entail'd, had Richard

Conquest, an odious name, was
Where all submitted, none the better
The senseless plea—of right by power
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invent'd
And lasts no longer than the present
In the next who comes

Still cheerful ; ever constant to his call ; 129

By many follow'd ; lov'd by most ; admir'd by all.

With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;

And gave the charities himself receiv'd.

Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,

Because he shew'd, by proof—'twas easy to be poor.

He went not, with the crowd, to see a shrine ;

But fed us, by the way, with food divine. 136

In def'rence to his virtues, I forbear

To shew you, what the rest in orders were :

This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,

He needs no foil : but shines by his own proper
light. 140

1

TRANSLATIONS.
FROM
BOCCACCIO.



GISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

WHILE Norman Tancred, in Salerno, reign'd
 e title of a gracious prince he gain'd ;
 l, turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
 lost the lustre of his former praise ;
 d, from the bright meridian where he stood, 5
 scending, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood.
 is prince, of Fortune's favor long possess'd,
 t was with one fair daughter, only, bless'd ;
 d bless'd he might have been with her alone :
 t oh ! how much more happy, had he none ! 10
 : was his care, his hope, and his delight,
 xt in his thought, and ever in his sight :
 xt, nay beyond his life, he held her dear ;
 e liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her,
 r this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd 15
 r nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
 envying any else should share a part
 ' what was his, and claiming all her heart.
 length, as public decency requir'd,
 d all his vassals eagerly desir'd, 20
 ith mind averse, he rather underwent
 : people's will, than gave his own consent.
 was she torn, as from a lover's side,
 d made, almost in his despite, a bride.
 Short were her marriage-joys ; for, in the prime
 youth, her lord expir'd before his time ; 26

MORE lov'd, and more

This princess, fresh and young
The worship'd idol of her
Did all her sex, in ev'ry age
And had more wit beside,
Youth, health, and ease
mind,

To second nuptials had her
And former joys had left
But, prodigal in every age
Her sire left unsupply'd
And she, betwixt her mother
Her wishes, which she could
Resolv'd, at last, to leave
And yet to please herself
She cast her eyes around
A worthy subject suiting
To him, in holy nuptials

Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd, 55
 And with close glances, ev'ry day beheld
 The graceful youth ; and every day increas'd
 The raging fire that burn'd within her breast ;
 Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
 And what *his* fortune wanted, *hers* could mend ;
 Till, as the fire will force its outward way, 61
 Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey ;
 So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
 At length their twisted rays together met ;
 And he, surpriz'd with humble joy, survey'd 65
 One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid.
 Not well assur'd ; while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
 A second glance came gliding like the first ;
 And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
 Without defence, receiv'd it in his heart. 70
 In public, though their passion wanted speech,
 Yet mutual looks interpreted for each ;
 Time, ways, and means of meeting, were deny'd ;
 But all those wants ingenious love supply'd.
 Th' inventive God, who never fails his part, 75
 Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.

When Guiscard, next, was in the circle seen,
 Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
 A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
 But in the concave had enclos'd a note ; 80
 With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
 Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court ;
 Take it, she said ; and when your needs require,
 This little brand will serve to light your fire.

Much was, in little, writ ; and all,
With cautious care, for fear to be t
By some false confidant, or fav'rite
The time, the place, the manner be
Were, all, in punctual order, plain
But, since a trust must be, she thou
To put it out of laymen's pow'r at
And, for their solemn vows, prepar

Guiscard (her secret purpose und
With joy, prepar'd to meet the cor
Nor pains, nor danger, was resolv'd
But use the means appointed by the

Next the proud palace of Salerno
A mount of rough ascent, and thick
Through this a cave was dug, with
The work, it seem'd, of some suspi
Who, when abusing pow'r with law
From public justice would secure t

as, which, from the mountain's height
 limmer'ing and malignant light,
 place to draw the damps away ;
 an intercepted day.

den (whose use though lost to fame)
 apartment of the royal dame ; 120
 only to her father known,
 o his darling daughter shown.

long she let the secret rest,
 ill'd it to her lab'ring breast,
 -as the way, by heav'n, design'd 125
 by the means he taught, to blind.

ot women do, when need inspires
 love their inclination fires !
 of state th' invention found,
 d'd upon the former ground. 130

e tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
 , now serv'd to bring two lovers nigh.
 ho long, in vain, had kept the key,
 e, explor'd the secret way ; 134

: stairs, and, wading through the night,
 he deep recess, and issued into light.
 letter had so well explain'd,

d youth might compass what remain'd ;
 mouth, alone, was hard to find,
 ath, disus'd, was out of mind : 140
 quarter of the copse it lay,
 ertain level, could survey :
 wood perplex'd with thorns he knew }
 ather o'er his limbs he drew ;

So long expected, and so
With love to friend, th' i
Fenc'd from the thorns, and
The conscious priest, who
Stood ready posted at the
The maids, in distant room
And nothing wanted but
He came, and knocking th
The longing lady heard,
At once invaded him wit
And the first step he mad
The leathern outside, boi
Gave way, and bent bene
On either side, the kisses
That neither he, nor she,
The holy man amaz'd at
Made haste to sanctify th
And mutter'd. fast, the r

The foe once gone, they took their full delight :
 'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night ;
 For greedy love each moment would employ, 175
 And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.

Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
 And thus, with secret care, were carried on.
 The stealth itself did appetite restore,
 And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more. 180

The cave was now become a common way,
 The wicket, often open'd, knew the key :
 Love rioted secure, and, long enjoy'd,
 Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.

But as extremes are short, of ill and good, 185
 And tides, at highest mark, regorge their flood ;
 So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
 Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.

Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose delight
 Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight ; 190
 Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
 Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone :
 And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
 Without attendance of th' officious crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in heat of day 195
 He try'd to sleep, as was his usual way,
 The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
 And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise :
 Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
 He sought the conversation of the fair ; 200
 But, with her train of damsels, she was gone,
 In shady walks the scorching heat to shun :

When call'd before, to come, now came
From light retir'd, behind his daughter
He, for approaching sleep, compos'd his
A chair was ready, for that use design'd
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd ;
'The curtains closely drawn, the light to
As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen :
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his

With heav'n averse, in this ill-omen'd
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bed
And the fair nymph, with expectation full
From her attending damsels was retir'd ;
For, true to love, she measur'd time so near
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind ; and, locking every door
Thought all secure : but little did she know

The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping sire,
 And shew'd a sight no parent can desire ;
 His opening eyes at once with odious view, 235
 The love discover'd, and the lover knew :
 He would have cry'd ; but, hoping that he dreamt,
 Amazement ty'd his tongue, and stopp'd th' attempt.
 Th' ensuing moment all th' truth declar'd ;
 But, now, he stood collected, and prepar'd, 240
 For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
 So, like a lion, that unheeded lay,
 Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
 With inward rage, he meditates his prey.
 The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires ; 245
 Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their fires ;
 Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
 Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
 And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
 Long time, dissolv'd in pleasure, thus they lay,
 Till nature could no more suffice their play ; 251
 Then rose the youth, and, through the cave, again
 Return'd ; the princess mingled with her train.

Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
 The royal spy, when now the coast was clear, 255
 Sought nor the garden, but retir'd unseen,
 To brood in secret on his gather'd spleen,
 And methodize revenge : to death he griev'd ;
 And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.
 Th' appointment for th' ensuing night he heard ;
 And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd 261
 Two brawny yeomen of his trusty guard.

And, rushing on the st
Encumber'd with his f
An easy prize, they le
And, as commanded, l
The gloomy sire, too
To vent his rage in w
And only said · “ Th
“ And, trusted ; thus !
“ Had I not seen, ha
“ Too clear a proof, !
 He paus'd, and ch
 who saw
His forfeit life aband
The judge, th' accuse
Who had both pow'r
No vain defence prep
‘ The faults of love b
‘ Which unresisted mi

Who, long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
 st'ning for noise, and griev'd that none she heard ;
 It rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
 and oft accus'd her lover of delay ; 295
 And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts
 away.

The morrow came ; and at his usual hour
 Lord Tancred visited his daughter's bow'r ;
 Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
 then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dismiss'd.
 He royal dignity thus far maintain'd, 301
 Now, left in private, he no longer feign'd ;
 At all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
 And floods of tears ran, trickling, down his beard.

“ O Sigismonda,” he began to say : 305
 Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
 Till words, with often trying, found their way—
 I thought, O Sigismonda ! (but how blind
 Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find !)
 Thy virtue, birth, and breeding, were above
 A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love :
 Nor less than sight and hearing could convince }
 So fond a father, and so just a prince,
 Of such an unforeseen and *unbeliev'd** offence. }

Then what indignant sorrow must I have, 315
 To see thee lie subjected to my slave !
 A man so smelling of the people's lee,
 The court receiv'd him, first, for charity !
 And, since, with no degree of honor grac'd,
 But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd. 320

As it had not been reported to him, this ought to be unsurmis'd.

" A thing, by neither man nor
 " And scarcely known enough, to be desir'd
 " To what has heaven reserv'd my age !
 " Should man, when nature calls, not chuse
 " Rather than stretch the span of life, to
 " Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind
 " For those to feel, whom fond desire to
 " Makes covetous of more than life can
 " Each has his share of good ; and, when
 " The guest, though hungry, cannot rise
 " But I, expecting more, in my own w
 " Protracting life,—have liv'd a day to
 " If yesterday could be recall'd again,
 " Ee'n now, would I conclude my hap
 " But 'tis too late ; my glorious race is
 " And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setti
 " Hadst thou—not lov'd—or, loving
 " shame,
 " If not the sin, by some illustrious n
 " This little comfort had reliev'd my
 " unusual to thy ki

as his attire, as, with intent
 suited to his mean descent. 350
 question yet remains behind,
 a parent and a prince can find }
 an offence of this degen'rate kind. }
 re lov'd; and, yet, I love thee more
 rather lov'd a child before; 355
 indulgence draws me to forgive :
 that gave thee life, would have thee live :
 public parent of the state,
 and thy crime, requires thy fate.
 I chuse a middle course to steer ;
 too kind ; and justice, too severe : 361
 as both ; and, to the balance, bring,
 aside, the father and the king.
 Now, my heart is bent to favor thee :
 at scanty weight ; and leave the rest
 to me." 365
 Now with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
 to make his last expression good.
 And heard him speak, nor saw, alone
 the effect of her love was known,
 when who her soul possess'd, 370
 the signs of sorrow in her breast :
 testified, but a woman's heart
 and tears, had testified her smart :
 worth, that fortune can control,
 and stiffer bent her softer soul ; 375
 assum'd the woman's place,
 to mind, and fortify'd her face :

Or saving his, had put it past her care ;
Resolv'd on fate, she, would not lose h
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she, not as wome
Her fault, by common frailty, would ex
But boldly justify'd her innocence,
And, while the fact was own'd, deny'd t
Then, with dry eyes, and with an open
She met his glance mid-way, and thus, s
spoke :

‘ Tancred ! I neither am dispos’d to :
‘ Request for life, nor offer’d life to tak
‘ Much less deny the deed ; but, least of
‘ Beneath pretended justice, weakly fall.
‘ My words to sacred truth shall be conf
‘ My deeds shall shew the greatness of :
‘ That I have lov’d, I own ; that still I
‘ I call to witness all the pow’rs above :

ere the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
 name I not a strumpet, but a bride :—
 for my fame, and for the public voice :—
 more, his merits justify'd my choice ; 409
 which had they not ; the first election thine,
 that bond dissolv'd ; the next, is freely mine ;
 grant I err'd ; (which yet I must deny
 parents pow'r e'en second vows to tie ;)
 little care to mend my widow'd nights,
 forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
 fill an empty side, and follow known de-
 lights. 416

What have I done in this, deserving blame ?
 e-laws may alter : nature's are the same ;
 we are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
 made without our consent, and wanting pow'r to
 bind.

Thou, Tancred ! better shouldst have under-
 stood, 421
 what as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
 gav'st thou me : not from the quarry hew'd,
 of a softer mould, with sense endu'd ;
 softer than thy own, of suppler kind, 425
 more exquisite of taste, and more than man refin'd.
 I need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
 though now thy spritely blood with age be cold,
 thou hast been young, and canst remember still,
 what when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the
 will ;

' requires.

' And grant thy you
' When love no leisur
' My tender age, in lus
' With idle ease and p
' My hours my own, n
' So bred, no wonder if
' That seem'd e'en warr
' For, when the father is
' Such seed he sows, suc
' Blame then thyself, as
' Since nature gave, and
' If still those appetites c
' Thou may'st consider I
' Consider too that, havin
' I must have tasted of a
' And am not to be bla'm'
' By lawful means the

this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
 known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
 to my care ; to please *thy pride* alone,
 I should have wish'd it had been still unknown.
 or took I Guiscard, by blind fancy led, 465
 hasty choice, as many women wed ;
 with delib'rate care, and ripen'd thought,
 mature first design'd, before I wrought :
 when I rested, after long debate,
 not without consid'ring, fix'd my fate : 470
 lame was equal, though by mine inspir'd,
 so the difference of our birth requir'd ;
 he been born like me, like me his love
 first begun, what mine was forc'd to move :
 thus beginning, thus we persevere ; 475 }
 passions yet continue what they were, }
 length of trial makes our joys the less sincere. }
 to this my choice, *though* * not by thine allow'd,
 judgment herding with the common crowd,) }
 I tak'st unjust offence ; and, led by them,
 less the merit, than the man esteem. 481
 sharply, Tancred ! by thy pride betray'd,
 thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd :
 all th' offence is in opinion plac'd,
 which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
 thought, alone, with fury fires thy breast,—
 holy marriage justifies the rest,) 487
 I have sunk the glories of the state,
 mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate ;

* The Editor would read *as*.

which moves on springs of justice,
‘ known.

‘ Yet this we see, though order’d for this
‘ The bad exalted, and the good oppress’d
‘ Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow
‘ Th’ unworthy rais’d, the worthy cast

‘ But, leaving that; search we the secret
‘ And backward trace the principles of truth
‘ There shall we find, that when the world was
‘ One common mass compos’d the mould
‘ One paste of flesh, on all degrees, begun
‘ And kneaded up, alike, with moisten’d clay
‘ The same Almighty Pow’r inspir’d the
‘ With kindled life, and form’d the soul
‘ The faculties of intellect and will
‘ Dispens’d with equal hand, dispos’d with
‘ skill,

‘ Like liberty indulg’d with choice of good
‘ Thus born alike, from virtue first begun
‘ The difference that distinguish’d man

w, though custom now diverts the course,
 's institute, is yet in force ;
 d, though disus'd ; and he whose mind
 s, is alone of noble kind ; 520
 oor in fortune, of celestial race ;
 ommits the crime who calls him base.
 ay the line ; and measure all thy court,
 l virtue, not external port ;
 whom, justly, to prefer above 525
 on whom my judgment plac'd my love :
 hou see his parts and person shine,—
 compar'd, the rest a base degenerate line.
 I, when I first survey'd thy court,
 , or his virtues, on report ; 530
 d what I ought to trust alone,
 n thy eyes, and not my own ;
 e (and thine was then the public voice)
 mmended Guiscard to my choice :
 thus by thee, I look'd, and found 535
 l thought, deserving to be crown'd ;
 ny father pointed to my sight,
 conspicuous by his native light ;
 , his mien, the features of his face,
 all the rest of human race : 540
 re thy thoughts, and thou could'st judge
 right,
 est made a jaundice in thy sight ;
 d I grant thou didst not rightly see ;
 u wert first deceiv'd ; and I, deceiv'd by
 thee.

... not
his poverty augments
' Upbraids thy justice with
' Of worth ; whom prince
' ward.
' Are these the kings entrusted
' With wealth, to be dispensed
' The people sweat not, for
' To enrich a pimp, or raise
' Theirs is the toil ; and he
' His country, has his country
' E'en mighty monarchs,
' And kings by birth, to lower
' All subject to the power of
' For Fortune can depress, or
' But true nobility is of the mind
' Not given by chance, and not
' For the remaining doubt of the
' What to resolve
' R-

' Such as it is, th' offence is all my own ;
 ' And **WHAT** to Guiscard is already done,
 ' Or to be done is doom'd by thy decree, 575
 ' **THAT**, if not executed first by thee,
 ' Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
 ' Away ! with women weep ! and leave me here !
 ' Fix'd like a man, to die, without a tear ;
 ' Or save, or slay us both this present hour, 580
 ' 'Tis all that fate has left within thy pow'r.'

She said : nor did her father fail to find,
 In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind ;
 Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
 Nor deem'd the death she promis'd, was so nigh :
 Secure in this belief, he left the dame ; 586
 Resolv'd—to spare her life, and save her shame ;
 But that detested object to remove ;
 To wreak his vengeance ; and to cure her love.

Intent on this, a secret order, sign'd, 590
 The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd ;
 Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
 A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime :
 His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
 Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes, 595
 Clos'd the severe command ; for, (slaves to pay,)
 What kings decree, the soldiers must obey :
 Wag'd * against foes ; and when the wars are o'er,
 Fit only to maintain despotic power :
 Dang'rous to freedom, and desir'd alone 600
 By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne ;

* i. e. *Hir'd for wages.*

by men inur'd to blood, and ex-
Now, though the sullen sire
mind,

The pomp of his revenge was yet
A pomp prepar'd, to grace the press
A goblet, rich with gems, and ro
Of depth and breadth, the precious
With cruel care he chose: the hol
Inclos'd—the lid conceal'd—the h
Then of his trusted mischiefs one h
And bade him with these words the
' Thy father sends thee this to cheer t
' And glad thy sight with what thou l
' As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and j
' With what he lov'd the most of hu
Ere this, the royal dame, who well
The consequence of what hersire h
Fix'd on her face

needed not be told, within whose breast
 g'd ; the message had explain'd the rest.
 It amaz'd, or hiding her surprize,
 earnestly on the bearer fix'd her eyes : 634
 thus : " Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
 the gold, though precious, equals not the heart :
 he did well, to give his best ; and I,
 who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty."
 At this she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
 pausing, view'd the present in the tomb ; 640
 to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
 lips, and, raising it, her speech renew'd :
 'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
 of my unhappy being, I have found
 in father's care and tenderness express'd ; 645
 that this last act of love excels the rest :
 that this so dear a present, bear him back,
 the best return that I can live to make.
 The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
 lov'd remains ; and, sighing, thus pursued :
 Prince of my life, and lord of my desires, 651
 whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires ;
 or heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
 wou'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat !
 The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed,
 and thou, from thy corporeal prison, freed :
 Hast thou reach'd the goal with mended
 " pace, 657
 world of woes dispatch'd in little space ;

...you remain'd thy
" The weeping tribute of
" And those, indulgent h
" That I, before my death
" My father e'en in cruel
" Or heaven has turn'd the
" To better uses than his h
" And made th' insult, wh
" The means to mourn the
" Which I will pay thee d
" And save myself the pain
" If souls can weep ; though
" My fate, with face unmov
" Yet, since I have thee here
" My tears shall set thee f
" tomb :
" Then (as I know thy spirit
" Under thy friendly conduct,
" To regions unexplor'd, secu
" Thy state ; nor hell shall pu
" And heav'n in d . . .

bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
 n'd, by the posture, to discharge her head,
 rfill'd before ; and oft (her mouth apply'd
 the cold heart) she kiss'd, at once, and cry'd.
 maids, who stood amaz'd ; nor knew the cause
 her complaining, nor whose heart it was ;
 all due measures of her mourning kept ;
 office at the dirge, and by infection wept ;
 oft enquir'd th' occasion of her grief, 695
 answer'd but by sighs,) and offer'd vain relief.
 length, her stock of tears already shed,
 wip'd her eyes ; she rais'd her drooping head ;
 thus pursued : " O ever faithful heart !
 have perform'd the ceremonial part, 700
 The decencies of grief ; it rests behind,
 That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd ;
 To thy, whate'er abode, my shade convey,
 And, as an elder ghost, direct the way."
 said : and bade the vial to be brought, 705
 here she before had brew'd the deadly draught.
 at pouring out the med'cinable bane,
 e heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again ;
 en down her throat the death securely throws,
 id quaffs a long oblivion of her woes. 710
 This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
 (er body first compos'd with honest care)
 tends the welcome rest : her hands yet hold,
 ose to her heart, the monumental gold ;
 or farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,
 ad quiet sought the covert of the night. 716

no, conscious of th'
 Alarm'd, and with press
 And drew the curtains, a
 To loathsome light: the
 Made vain efforts, to miti
 She, what she could excl
 Kept firmly seal'd; and s
 " Tancred, restrain thy te
 " And sorrow unavailing
 " Did ever man, before, a
 " To see th' effect of what
 " Yet, if thou hast remaini
 " Some sense of love, some
 " Of former kindness, large
 " Let me by that adjure thy
 " Not to deny thy daughter's
 " The secret love which I s
 " And still conceal'd --

iz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,—
 Here, precious pledge," she said, "securely
 "rest!"—

These accents were her last : the creeping death
 numb'd her senses first ; then stopp'd her breath.
 Thus she, for disobedience, justly dy'd :
 The sire was justly punish'd, for his pride :
 The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' offence,
 For duty violated, to his prince ;
 Who, late-repenting of his cruel deed,
 Gave common sepulchre for both decreed ; 755
 And tomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
 And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.



HONO

OF all the cities in Rome
The chief, and most renown
Adorn'd in ancient times w
And rich inhabitants, with
But Theodore the Brave, a
With gifts of fortune and
The foremost place for we
And all, in feats of chivalr

This noble youth, to ma
Of high degree, Honoria w
Fair as the fairest, but of h
And fiercer, than became s
Proud of her birth (for ea

Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
move :

The work went backward : and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy, 25
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.

But pride stood ready, to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe ?

His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate :
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate. 30

But vain that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd ;
Love stood the siege ; and would not yield his
breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care ;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair. 35

He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men, by fasting, starve th' untam'd disease :
But present love requir'd a present ease.

Looking, he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death ; but looking not, he dies. 40

Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting, at once, his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain ;
For what advice can ease a lover's pain ?

Absence, the best expedient they could find, 45
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind :

This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Provided; as to visit France and
Or for some distant voyage o'er
But love had clipp'd his wings,
Confin'd within the purlieus of
Three miles he went, nor farth
His travels ended—at his count
To Chassis' pleasing plains he
There pitch'd his tents, and th
The spring was in the prime
grove,

Supply'd with birds—the chori
Music unbought, that minister'd
To morning-walks, and lull'd h
There he discharg'd his friends;
Of frequent treats, and proud n
He liv'd as kings retire—thoug
From public business, yet with
With house and heart, still ope
As well-content as love would g
He would have liv'd more free;

'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd ;
 The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
 And dancing trees a mournful music made. 80

The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent :

The day, already, half his race had run ; 85
 And summon'd him to due repast at noon ;
 But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he
 stood,

(More than a mile, immers'd within the wood,)
 At once the wind was laid ; the whisp'ring sound 90
 Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground.

With deeper brown the grove was overspread ;
 A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head ;
 And his ears tinkled ; and his color fled.
 Nature was in alarm ; some danger nigh 95
 Seem'd threaten'd, tho' unseen to mortal eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole—
 Not long—for soon a whirlwind rose, around,
 And, from afar, he heard a screaming sound, 100
 As of a dame distress'd ; who cry'd for aid,
 And fill'd, with loud laments, the secret shade,

A thicket, close beside the grove, there stood,
 With briars and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish
 wood ;

With hair dishevel'd, i
Stripp'd of her cloaths, a
Which modest nature k
Her face, her hands, he
With passing through th
Two mastiffs, gaunt and
And, oft, their fasten'd l
Oft they came up, and
' Mercy, O mercy, hea
When heav'n was nam
again ;

Then sprang she forth ;
Not far behind, a ki
High on a coal-black ste
With flashing flames, h
And in his hand a nake
He cheer'd the dogs to
And vow'd revenge on

The knight came thundering on ; but, from afar,
 , in imperious tone, forbad the war :
 Rise, Theodore, to proffer vain relief, 135
 Or stop the vengeance of so just a grief ;
 Or give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
 And let eternal justice take the way :
 Out revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
 And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid."
 He said, at once dismounting from the steed—
 Down the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
 Reach'd the dame ; and, fast'ning on her side,
 Ground, with issuing streams of purple, dy'd.—
 Alas ! Theodore surpriz'd, in deadly fright, 145
 With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright :
 Arm'd with inborn worth, 'Whate'er,' said he,
 Thou art—who know'st me better than I thee,—
 Prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd.—
 A spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd. 150
 Now, Theodore ! thy ancestry I claim,
 And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
 The common sire our fathers did beget,
 (By name and story some remember yet ;)
 Me, then a boy, within my arms I laid, 155
 Then for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid ;
 Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
 When proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
 What did I not, her stubborn heart to gain ?
 That all my vows were answer'd with disdain :
 He scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain. }

On this sharp sword ; and now a

“ Short was her joy ; for soon

“ By heaven’s decree, in the col

“ And, as in unrepented sin she

“ Doom’d to the same bad place, is

“ pride :

“ Because she deem’d I well dese

“ And made a merit of her cruel

“ There, then, we met : both, try’

“ And this irrevocable sentence, p

“ That she, whom I so long pursu

“ Should suffer from my hands a lin

“ Renew’d to life that she might c

“ I, daily, doom’d to follow, she

“ No more a lover, but a mortal

“ I seek her life (for love is none

“ As often as my dogs, with bette

“ Arrest her flight, is she to deat

Her heart and bowels, thro' her back, he drew,
 And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
 Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
 Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill. 194

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
 Had left the body breathless on the ground ;—
 When thus the grisly spectre spoke again :
 " Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :
 " As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
 " So many years is she condemn'd by fate 200
 " To daily death ; and every several place,
 " Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,
 " Must witness her just punishment ; and be
 " A scene of triumph and revenge to me !
 " As in this grove I took my last farewel, 205
 " As on this very spot of earth I fell,
 " As Friday saw me die ; so she my prey
 " Becomes, ev'n here, on this revolving day."

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
 Upstart'd fresh, (already clos'd the wound,) 210
 And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
 Precipitates her flight along the shore :
 The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
 Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food ;
 The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace ;
 And all the vision vanish'd from the place. 216

Long stood the noble youth, oppress'd with
 awe,
 And stupid, at the wondrous things he saw,—
 Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's
 law :

His love, the damsel ;
But yet,—reflecting th
From Heav'n, which ca
Resolv'd within himsel
Which Hell, for his de
And, as his better geniu
From an ill cause, to dr
Inspir'd from heaven,
Nor pall'd his new desig
But of his train a trusty
To call his friends togeth
They came ; and, usual s
With words premeditated
' What you have often co
' My vain pursuit of unre
' By thrift my sinking for
' Though late, yet is. at 1
' M. L

ly, the dame was drawn to this repast ;
 yet resolv'd, because it was the last. 250
 day was come ; the guests invited came ;
 with the rest, th' inexorable dame :
 ust prepar'd, with riotous expense ;
 cost, more care, and most magnificence.
 place ordain'd was in that haunted grove, 255
 re the revenging ghost pursued his love :
 tables, in a proud pavilion spread ;
 flowers below, and tissue overhead :
 rest, in rank ; Honoria, chief in place,
 artfully contriv'd to set her face 260 }
 ont the thicket, and behold the chace.
 feast was serv'd ; the time, so well forecast,
 just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,
 fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound
 in the leaves ; the forest shook around ; }
 slacken'd ; roll'd the thunder ; groan'd the
 ground.
 or long, before the loud laments arise,
 ne distress'd, and mastiffs mingled cries ;
 first, the dame came, rushing, through the
 wood ; }
 next, the famish'd hounds, that sought their
 food, 270 }
 grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws
 in blood :
 came the felon, on his sable steed,
 'd with his naked sword ; and urg'd his dogs
 to speed.

ment.

Loud was the noise ; aghast was
The women shriek'd ; the men
The hounds, at nearer distance,
The hunter close pursued the
She rent the heav'n, with loud
ing aid.

The gallants, to protect the
Their faulchions brandish'd at
High on his stirrups, he provo
Then, on the crowd, he cast ;
And wither'd all their strengt
“ Back ! on your lives ;—let b
“ And let my vengeance take
“ Vain are your arms, and v
“ Against th' eternal doom
“ Mine is th' ungrateful mai
“ Mercy she would not give
At this, the former tale agai
—a loud ringing tone. and

and now th' infernal minister advanc'd, 305
 the due victim; and, with fury, lanc'd
 back, and, piercing thro' her inmost heart,
 backward, as before, th' offending part.
 reeking entrails, next, he tore away,
 to his meagre mastiffs, made a prey. 310
 pale assistants on each other star'd,
 gaping mouths, for issuing words prepar'd;
 still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
 fright was general; but the female band 315
 (elpless train) in more confusion stand:
 horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
 at the sight of hateful justice done;
 conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case
 their own. }
 , spread upon a lake, with upward eye, 320
 amp of fowl behold their foe on high;
 close their trembling troop; and all attend
 'hom the sowsing eagle will descend.
 t, most, the proud Honoria fear'd th' event;
 thought to her, alone, the vision sent. 325
 guilt presents to her distracted mind
 'n's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
 the same fate to the same sin assign'd. }
 dy sees herself the monster's prey,
 feels her heart, and entrails, torn away. 330
 a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
 on the table, lay th' unfinish'd cheer:

Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunters
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took, from earth, th' avenger
And, mounting light as air, his sable steed he
The clouds dispell'd; the sky resum'd her
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright

But fear, the last of ills, remain'd beh
And horror heavy-sat on every mind.

Nor Theodore encourag'd more the fears
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his brow
Some deep design; which when Honori
The fresh impulse her former fright rer
She thought herself the trembling dame
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd
steed;

The more dismay'd, *for* * when the gue
drew;

Their courteous host, saluting all the
Dreadless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd

durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
 they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more :
 parallel they needed not to name ;
 on the dead, they damn'd the living dame.

every little noise, she look'd behind,
 still the knight was present to her mind : 365
 anxious, oft she start'd on the way,
 thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring
 for his prey.

n'd, she took her bed, with little rest,
 short slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast ;
 'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again ;
 some black vapours mounted in her brain ;
 the same dreams return'd with double pain. }
 w forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 load all fever'd,—with a furious leap,
 rang from bed, distracted in her mind, 375
 'car'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
 ing and desp'rate, with a stagg'ring pace ;
 ath afraid ; and conscious of disgrace ;
 pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
 put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd. 380
 , (the fatal day,) when next it came,
 soul forethought, the fiend would change his
 her pursue ; or, Theodore be slain ; [game,
 two ghosts join their packs, to hunt her o'er
 the plain.

lreadful image so possess'd her mind, 385
 desp'rate any succour else to find,

Her hunger gave a relish to
A sparing diet and her health
On such a supper pressed was
Before the day was done, he
And never went by candle-light
With exercise she went till
Her dancing was not hinder'd
Her poverty was glad; her h
Nor knew she what the splen

Of wine she never tasted
But white and black was all
Brown bread, and milk (but
New's).

And rushes of sing'd bacon c
On holy days on eggs, or two
But her ambition never reach'd

A yard she had with pikes
Some high, some low, and a



Proot to disdain, and not to love
Of all the men, respected and
Of all the dames, except her
Why not of her, preferr'd at
By him, with knightly deed
profess'd ?

So had another been, where he
This quell'd her pride, yet not
That, once disdain, she mi
The fear was just, but greater
Fear of her life by hellish ho
He took a luring leave ; but
What * outward hate might i
Her sex's arts she knew ; and
Might deep dissembling have
Here hope began to dawn ; re
She fix'd on this her utmost r
Death was behind but had i

With faults confess'd, commission'd her to go,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe. 416
 The welcome message, made, was soon receiv'd ;
 'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd ;
 Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present ;
 He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
 Should he delay the moment of consent. 421 }
 There yet remain'd to gain her friends, (a care
 The modesty of maidens well might spare ;)
 But she, with such a zeal, the cause embrac'd,
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste ;)
 The father, mother, and the kin beside,
 Were overborn by fury of the tide :
 With full consent of all, she chang'd her state,—
 Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware ; * 430
 More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;
 And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

* This imperfect verb, thus pressed into an unusual service,
 is scarcely intelligible ; it is properly used only in the impera-
 tive mood, originating in a consolidation of the words *be* and
fears. This change in the line may be sufficient,

Of her dread fate, the rest become aware.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love
The pow'r of beauty I remember
Which once inflam'd my soul
my wit.

If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he
Pollutes the pleasures of a church
Acts what I write, and propagates
With riotous excess, a priestly
Suppose him free, and that I see
He shew'd the way, perverting
In malice witty, and with venality
He makes me speak the things
Compute the gains of his ungodly
Ill-suits his cloth, the praise of

TR

LOVE is always of a vicious kind,
oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
akes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
brushing-o'er, adds motion to the pool. 30
E, studious how to please, improves our parts,
polish'd manners; and, adorns, with arts.
E first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
b'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd, 35
n'd the fierce, and made the coward *bold* :

world when trust he treat'd with increase

And stupid eyes that ever lov'd
He look'd like nature's error ; a
And body were not of a piece d
But made for two, and by mist
join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's f
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's
The more inform'd, the less, he
And deeper sunk, by flound'ring
Now scorn'd of all, and grown t
The people from Galesus chang
And Cymon call'd, which signif
So well his name did with his na

His father, when he found hi
And care employ'd that answer'd
Chose an ungrateful object to re
And loath'd to see, what nature
So to his country-farm the fool c

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought ;
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. 81
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;
Where, in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood, }
By which an alabaster fountain stood : 90 }
And on the margin of the fount was laid
Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport
To rest by cool Euxine they resort :


...not ... his want of words
Doubted, for what he was
By his clown-accent, and I
Through the rude Chaos
Shot the first ray that pier
Then day, and darkness, in
Till, gather'd in a globe, the
Last shone the sun, who, r
Illumin'd heaven and earth
So, Reason in this brutal s
Love made him first suspec
Love made him doubt his
By Love, his want of words
That sense of want prepar'
To knowledge, and disclos'
What not his father's care
Could plant with pains in him
The *best instructor*, love, a

... ^{from 100,} ~~... by~~ reflection know ;
 hey like or this or t' other face,
 of this or that peculiar grace ;
 1 gross, and stupidly admire : 145
 lur'd by light, approach the fire.
 man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 the whole, then sep'rates what he sees ;
 parts a several praise bestows,
 ips, the well-proportioned nose, 150
 skin, and raven-glossy hair,
 d cheek, and forehead rising fair,
 1 sleep itself, a smiling air. }
 his eyes descending view'd the rest,
 ound arms, white hands, and heaving
 t.—
 last he dwelt, tho' every part 156
 ow sped to pierce his heart.
 rice a judge of ~~h...~~

as a pilgrim wilder'd in
Who dares not stir by night,
But stands with awful eyes to
day.

At length awaking, Iphigenia
(So was the beauty call'd who c
Unclos'd her eyes, and double
While those of all her slaves in
The slav'ring cudden, propp'
Stood ready, gaping, with a grin
To welcome her awake ; nor dur
To speak, but wisely kept the fo
Then she ; " What makes you, Cy
(For Cymon's name was round th
Because descended of * a noble ra
And for a soul ill sorted with hi
But still the sot stood silent w
With fix'd regard on h

ook at length, asham'd of such a guide.
mon led her home, and leaving there,
ore would to his country clowns repair, 240
ught his father's house, with better mind,
ing in the farm to be confin'd.
e father wonder'd at the son's return,
knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
oubtfully receiv'd, expecting still 245
arn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
vas he long delay'd: the first request
ade, was like his brothers to be dress'd,



Was upward blown below
Love made an active pro
The dusky parts he clear
The drowsy, wak'd ; and
The Maker's image on t
Thus was the man amen
And though he lov'd,
fire,

His father all his faults v
And lik'd an error of the
Excus'd th' excess of pa
By flames too fierce, per
So Cymon, since his sire
Impetuous lov'd, and w
Galesus he disown'd, and
The name of fool, confir
fair.

To Cinseus. by his fri

doom was past ; the ship, already sent,
his tardy diligence prevent : 295

to herself the fair unhappy maid,
stormy Cymon thus in secret said :
time is come for Iphigene to find
miracle she wrought upon my mind :
charms have made me man ; her ravish'd love
ink shall place me with the bless'd above.
mine by love, by force she shall be mine ;
death, if force should fail, shall finish my
“ design.”

’d he said ; and rigg’d with speedy care
el strong, and well-equipp’d for war. 305
cret ship with chosen friends he stor’d ;
went to die or conquer, went aboard.
sh’d he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
ing the sail that all his wishes bore ;
ing expected, for the following tide 310
at the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

Rhodes the rival bark directly steer’d,
Cymon sudden at her *back* * appear’d,
opp’d her flight : then, standing on his prow,
ghty terms he thus defy’d the foe ; 315
ike your sails at summons, or prepare
ve the last extremities of war.
arn’d, the Rhodians for the fight provide ; }
y were the vessels side by side, }
obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride. }

M 2

* *Stern.*

...with sword and
he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight ; but,
By force the furious lover
Himself, alone, dispers'd th
The weak disdain'd, the va
Cheap conquest for his foll
He reap'd the field, and th
His victory confess'd, the
And cast their weapons at t
Whom thus he cheer'd : “

“ fought

“ For love alone ; nor other
“ Your lives are safe ; your
“ Yours be your own, restori
“ In Iphigene I claim my ri
“ Robb'd by my rival, and d
“ Your Pasimond a lawless k
“ TH-

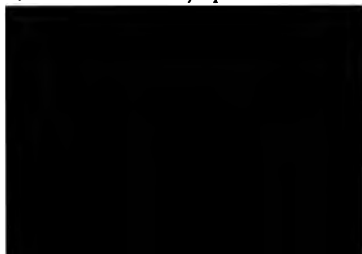
: to his arms the blushing bride he took ;
 : ming sadness she compos'd her look ;
 by force subjected to his will, 350
 gh pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
 for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
 pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears ;
 yours I am," (he said,) " and have deserv'd
 ir love much better whom so long I serv'd,
 m he to whom your formal father ty'd
 ar vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride."
 while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
 ris bore the Spartan spouse away. 359
 y she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
 ither would be thought, than was distress'd.
 ho now exults but Cymon in his mind ?
 , hopes ; and empty, joys of human kind, }
 of the present, to the future blind !)
 : of fate, while Cymon plows the sea, 365
 steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
 : the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
 a like a fiery meteor sunk the sun ;
 promise of a storm : the shifting gales
 ce, by fits, and fill the flagging sails : 370
 e murmurs of the main from far were heard ;
 ight came on—not by degrees prepar'd—
 ll at once : at once, the winds arise,
 hunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
 n, the master issues out commands ; 375
 n, the trembling sailors ply their hands :

Still, counterbalanc'd, she stops,
Not more against the proud air
Plung'd from the height of his
Than stood, the lover of his life
Now curs'd the more, the more
More anxious for her danger
Death he defies ; but would b

Sad Iphigene to womanish
Adds pious prayers, and wear
Ev'n if she could, her *love* sh
But, since she cannot, dreads
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimor
Are ever present, and her cri
She blames herself, nor blam
Augments her anger, as her
From her own back the burd
And lays the load on his unq

...and forgave the danger;

Mean time, with sails declin'd,
vessel drove before the wind : 409
as'd ; aloft, and then alow ;
ek, nor certain course they know ; }
ent wait the coming blow.
iven, by breaking day they view'd
: them, and their fears renew'd :
elcome, but the tempest bore 415
ship against a rocky shore.
ay was near ; to this they bend,
d ; their force already spent :




svot them, but theirs; ma
Despairing conquest, and
The country rings aro
And raw in fields the rud
Mouths without hands; m
In peace a charge, in war
Stout once a month, they
And ever, but in times of
This was the morn when,
Drawn up in rank and file
Of seeming arms to make
Then hasten to be drunk,
The cowards would have
Themselves so many, and t
But, crowding on, the last t
Tilt overborn with weight t
Cymon inslav'd, who first th
And Iphigene once more is
Deep in a dungeon was th
Depriv'd of day, and held in

to the lowest spoke of his iron wheel;
d, to dismiss the downward weight,
se him upward to his former height;
ter pleas'd ; and love (concern'd the most)
d th' amends, for what by love he lost.
sire of Pasimond had left a son, 471
a younger, yet for courage early known,
a call'd, to whom by promise ty'd,
dian beauty was the destin'd bride ;
ra was her name, above the rest 475
r'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.

his name shall like the Rhodian state





by force to seize, and t
Betwixt extremes he kn
A slave to fame, but, m
Restraining others, yet h
Made impotent by pow'r
Both sides he weigh'd : b
The man prevail'd above

Love never fails to ma
But works a diff'rent way
The fool enlightens, and t
This youth, proposing to
Began in murder, to concl
Unprais'd by me, though
bless

An impious act with unde
The great it seems are priv
To punish all injustice but
But here I stop, not daring
Yet blush to flatter an unr
For crimes are but normi

path of night he for the pris'ner sent; 526
ret sent, the public view to shun;
, with a sober smile he thus begun.
e Pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
eir gifts and graces on mankind below, 530
t prove our merit first, nor blindly give
such as are not worthy to receive :
r valor and for virtue they provide
eir due reward, but first they must be try'd :
ese fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd ;
was yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd :
ey gave you to be born of noble kind ;
ey gave you love to lighten up your mind,



" Impatient to revenge h
 " But yet not his : to-mo
 " And love our fortunes
 " Two brothers are our fo
 " As much declar'd, as P:
 " To-morrow must their c
 " With love to friend, and
 " Let both resolve to die, o
 " Right / have none, nor
 " Tis force, when done, m
 " Our task perform'd, we n
 " And let the losers talk in
 " We with the fair will sai
 " If they are griev'd, I leav
 " Speak thy resolves : if no
 " Despair in prison, and ab
 " But if thou dar'st in arms
 " (For liberty)

The spousals are prepar'd ; already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
 By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
 " dress'd ;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself the sole unbidden guest.
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
 And join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

" Now hear the rest ; when day resigns the light,
 And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call ; my chosen few, 587
 With arms administer'd, shall aid thy crew.

Then, entering unexpected, will we seize
 Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
 By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight ; 591
 And, hast'ning to the seas, suborn our flight :
 The seas are ours, for I command the fort ;
 A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port :
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist."

It pleas'd. The pris'ner to his hold retir'd ;
 His troop, with equal emulation fir'd, 598
 All, fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work
 requir'd.

The sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around :
 The palace open'd ; and the posts were crown'd.
 The double bridegroom at the door attends 602
 His expected spouse, and entertains the friends :
 They met ; they lead to church ; the priests invoke
 The Pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.

ENDING DOWN IS MARRIED

Now, at th' appointed place an
With souls resolv'd, the ravisher
Three bands are form'd; the first
To favour the retreat, and guard
The second, at the palace-gate is
And up the lofty stairs ascend th
A peaceful troop they seem with
But coats of mail, beneath, secu
Dauntless they enter, Cymon
And find the feast renew'd, the
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrum
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vau
When, like the harpies, rushing
The sudden troop appears; the
Their smoking load is on the p
Each ravisher prepares to seize
The brides, invaded with a rude

Now haste descend
 To assist, their passage to prevent,
 Full on Cymon's back in his descent,
 Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle
 bent.
 Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two 640
 The val's head with one descending blow :
 As the next in rank, Ormisda, stood,
 And the point ; the sword, inur'd to blood,
 His unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple
 flood.
 Now'd revenge the gath'ring crowd pursues,
 Fishers turn head, the fight renews ; 646
 The floor is heap'd with corps ; the sprinkled gore
 On the walls, and floats the marble floor.
 At length, the drunken squadron flies,
 And to their vessel bear the prize ; 650
 Behind loud groans and lamentable cries.
 With merry shouts

The cliffs of Rhodes in little space
Jove's isle they seek ; nor Jove
In safety, landed on the Candian
With gen'rous wines their spirits
There Cymon with his Rhodian
Both court, and wed at once the virgin
A war ensues ; the Cretans own
Stiff to defend their hospitable land
Both parties lose by turns ; and
Till peace, propounded by a truce
The kindred of the slain forgive
But a short exile must for show
The term expir'd, from Candia they return
And, happy, each, at home, enjoy

CONTENTS.

TALES FROM CHAUCER—*continued.*

	Page
THE Cock and the Fox ; or the Tale of the Nun's Priest - - - - -	5
THE Flower and the Leaf ; or the Lady in the Arbour—a Vision - - - - -	35
THE Wife of Bath's Tale - - - - -	58
THE Character of a good Parson - - - - -	78

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACCIO.

Isabella and Guiscardo - - - - -	87
Theodore and Honoria - - - - -	114
Pyrrhus and Iphigenia - - - - -	130



THE
POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,



10

THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN



DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

Give me, ye Gods, the product of one Field
As large as that which the first Romans till'd

11

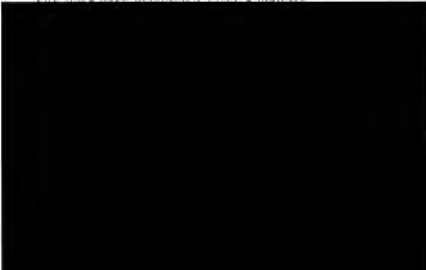
11

11

OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own:
The hues have brighten'd Virgil's images.





TRANSLATIONS

FROM

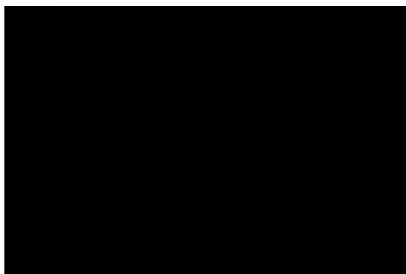
JUVENAL.

IUV. AND PERS.

A



THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.



... because I tho
the reader. To conclude, if
serted all the commentators,
my author, or at least have le
too much room is left for gue

STILL shall I hear, and
Stunn'd with hoarse Codru
Shall this man's elegies ar
Unpunish'd murder a long
Huge Telephus, a formida
Cries vengeance; and Ore
Unsatisfy'd with margins cl
Foams o'er the covers, and
No man can take a more f
Of his owu home, than I c
Or Mars his grove, or holl
From Ætna's top, or tortur'
I know by rote the fam'd ex
The Centaurs' furv. and at

But, since the world with writing is possest,
I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Astride on horse-back hunts the Tuscan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whose razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
- Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:
Such fulsom objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
- When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend,
From the poor nobles the last spoil to rend,
Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior fiend,

And brawn and back the n
For such good parts are in
The rich old maiden never
Her legacies, by Nature's si
One gains an ounce, anothe
A dear-bought bargain, all
For which their thrice conce
With looks as wan, as he w
At unawares has trode upon
Or play'd at Lyons a declair
For which the vanquish'd rhe
What indignation boils with
When perjur'd guardians, pr
Choak up the streets; too narro
Whose wards, by want betray
Too foul to name, too fulsom
When he who pill'd his provi
And keeps his money, tho' he
His fine begg'd off, contemns h
Can rise at twelve. and rest

he winged smith aloft to fly,
 ing perish with his foolish boy.
 what impatience must the Muse behold
 by her procuring husband sold !
 he law makes null th' adulterer's deed
 to her, the cuckold may succeed ;
 taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
 is all over but his wakeful nose.

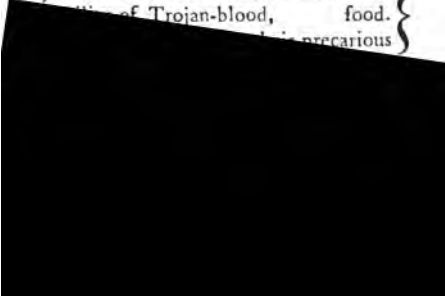
dares hope a colonel's command,
 urses kept, ran out his father's land ;
 a stripping, Nero's chariot drove,
 'er the streets, while his vain master }
 rove }
 sted art to please his eunuch-love.

it not make a modest author dare
 his table-book within the square,
 ith notes, when, lolling at his ease,
 like, the happy rogue he sees
 six weary'd slaves in open view,
 el'd an old will, and forg'd a new :
 lthy at the small expence of signing
 et seal, and a fresh interlining ?

next, requires a lashing line,
 ez'd a toad into her husband's wine :
 ic fashionable medicine thrives,
 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives :
 , without regard of fame or fear :
 ed corpse are frequent on the bier.
 thou to honours and preferments climb ?
 a mischief, dare some mighty crime,

—, to great crim
Fair palaces, and furnitu
And high commands: a
Who can behold that rar
His son's corrupted wife,
Or that male-harlot, or t
Eager to sin, before he ca
If nature could not, anger
Such woful stuff as I or St
Count from the time, sin
Rais'd by the flood, did on
And, scarcely mooring on
An oracle how man may be
When soften'd stones and v
And virgins naked were by
What ever since that golde
What human kind desires, a
Rage, passions, pleasures, in
Shall this satirical collection
What age so large a crop
Or when was ever

age so many summer-seats did see?
n of our forefathers far'd so well,
even dishes, at a private meal?
of old were feasted; now a poor
dole is dealt at th' outward door;
by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
altry largess, too, severely watch'd,
ven; and every face observ'd with care,
no intruding guest usurp a share.
n, you receive: the crier calls aloud
of Trojan-blood, food. }
his precarious }



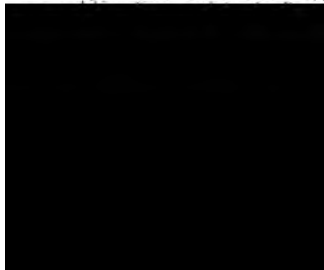
When gone
The noble mind, that
Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot:
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honest licence now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a star,
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on blaze
The streets, and make a dreadful fire
Shall they who drench'd three uncles
Of poisonous juice be then in triumph
Make lanes among the people where
And, mounted high on downy chariots
Disdainful glances on the crowd bestow
Be silent, and beware, if such you
'Tis defamation but to say, That's
Against bold Turnus the great Troian
Amidst their stroke the poet gets
Achilles may in epic verse be slain
None of all his myrmidons
His ditcher, no

THIRD SATIRE
or
JUVENAL.



Argument.

this satire speaks itself. Umbricius, the sup-



no matter if the great
But if that honest lice
If into rogues omnipot
Death is your doom, in
Smear'd o'er with wax,
The streets, and make a
Shall they who drench
Of poisonous juice be th
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'Tis defamation but to say
Against bold Turnus the g
Amidst their stroke the po
Achilles may in epic verse
And none of all his myrmi
Hylas may drop his pitcher,
Not if he drown himself fo
But when Lucilius brandish
And n-

THIRD SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.



Argument.

this satire speaks itself. Umbricius, the supposed




as towering houses tun
And Rome on fire bel
light?

But worse than all the c
Than thousand padders,
Rogues that in dog-days
But without mercy read,

Now while my friend,
Was packing all his good
He stopp'd a little at the
Where Numa model'd on
In mighty councils with hi
Tho' now the sacred shades
By banish'd Jews, who thei
In a small basket, on a whi
Yet such our avarice is, tha
Pays for his head; nor sleep
Nor place, nor persons, now
From their own grove the M
Into this lonely vale

nce noble arts in Rome have no support,
nd ragged virtue not a friend at court,
o profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
y poverty encreasing with my age,
is time to give my just disdain a vent,
nd, cursing, leave so base a government.
'here Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
o that obscure retreat I chuse to fly:
'hile yet few furrows on my face are seen,
'hile I walk upright, and old age is green,
nd Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.



From thence return'd, and
In excrements again, and him
Why hire they not the town
Since such as they have fortune
Who for her pleasure can be
And toss them topmost on the wheel
What's Rome to me, what's I
I who can neither lie, nor flatter
Nor praise my patron's underlings
Nor yet comply with him, nor
Unskill'd in schemes by plan
Like canting rascals, how the
I neither will, nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his
Nor in the intrails of a toad
Nor carry'd bawdy presents to
For want of these town-virtues
I go conducted on my way to

the BRIDE sufficient to corrupt the breast ;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose
What confidence our wealthy Romans chose :
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
Hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find :
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.

See Catchpole's *Life of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 100.

So sweet and easy is the gain
Poor refugees at first, they pur
And, soon as denizen'd, they do
Grow to the great, a flattering
Work themselves inward, and t
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with
Patient of labours, and dissemb
Riddle me this, and guess him
Who bears a nation in a single
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetoricia
A painter, a pedant, a geometric
A dancer on the ropes, and a ph
All things the hungry Greek exa
And bid him go to heaven, to he
In short, no Scythian, Moor, or
But in that town which arms and
Shall he be plac'd above me at th
In purple cloth'd. and lolling til

they were dead;
voice for a clear treble goes;
er than a cock that treads and crows.
grossly praise; but, to our grief,
but from Grecians gains belief.
ese qualities, we must agree
ic better on the stage than we:
the whore, the shepherdess, they play,
free, and such a graceful way,
believe a very woman shown,
cy something underneath the gown.
for Stratocles, . . . }



Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
Vain we rise, and to the levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
That his colleague outstrip him in the race:
The childish matrons are, long since, awake:
And, for affront, the tardy visits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
In the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
Or half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay;
But you, poor sinner, tho' you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demure upon the price;
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Only as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire!
The question is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends;
Stick to the business; how he lives, and eats;
How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:
How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
What are his rents? what servants doth he keep,
His account is soon cast up; the judges rate
His credit in the court by our estate.
Near by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
You art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:



Add, that the rich have
And will be monstrous wit
For the torn surtout and t
The wretch and all his wa
The greasy gown, sully'd w
Gives a good hint, to say, T
Or if the shoe be ript, or p
He's wounded ! see the pla
Want is the scorn of every
And wit in rags is turn'd to
Pack hence, and from the co
(The Master of the Ceremon
This no place for you, whose
Is not the value of the settle
The sons of happy punks, th
Are privileg'd to sit in trium
To clap the first, and rule th
Up to the galleries, for sham
For, by the Roscian law, the p
Who ever brought to his ric
T

y rise by Virtue's aid, who lie
 the depth of helpless poverty.
 'tis worse ; where house-rent by the
 ts bellies cost so devilish dear ; [year,
 -bills run high for hungry cheer.
 eat in earthen-ware we scorn,
 aply country cup-boards does adorn :
 blue hoods on holidays are worn.
 it parts of Italy are known,
 e but only dead men wear a gown :
 of turf, in homely state,
 hey act, old feasts they celebrate ;
 ude song returns upon the crowd,
 dition, is for wit allow'd.
 yearly gives the same delights ;
 other's arms the clownish infant frights.
 (undistinguish'd by degree)
 like ; the same simplicity,
 : stage, and in the pit, you see.
 cloak the magistrate appears ;
 -bumkin the same livery wears.
 tir'd, beyond our purse we go,
 ornament and flaunting show :
 trust, in purple robes to shine ;
 are yet ambitious to be fine.
 mmon vice, tho' all things here
 d sold unconscionably dear.
 ou give that Cossus may but view
 nd in the crowd distinguish you ;

Shave his first down, and
The consecrated locks
Pay tributary cracknels,
And, with our offerings
Who fears in country
Or to be caught betwixt
But we inhabit a weak c.
Which buttresses and pro
And 'tis the village-maso
To keep the world's met
To cleanse the gutters, an
And, for one night, secure
At Cumæ we can sleep qu
Nor falls, nor fires, nor ni
While rolling flames from
And the pale citizens for b
Thy neighbour has remov'd
(Few hands will rid the lun
Thy own third story smokes
Are drench'd

ard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
 em was his trusty tankard plac'd.
 port this noble plate, there lay
 Chiron cast from honest clay;
 reek books his rotten chest contain'd;
 vers much of mouldiness complain'd:
 ce and rats devour'd poetic bread;
 heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
 poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
 oor Codrus all that nothing lost.
 ed thro' the streets of wealthy Rome;
 l not one to feed, or take him home.
 he palace of Arturius burn,
 change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
 rator will no pleadings hear;
 name of fire we hate and fear:
 aghast, as if the Gauls were here. }
 it burns, th' officious nation flies,
 ondole, and some to bring supplies:
 him marble to rebuild, and one
 d statues of the Parian stone,
 of Polyclete, that seem to live;
 ers images for altars give;
 and skreens, and Pallas to the breast;
 ags of gold, and he gives best,
 Arturius, vastly rich before,
 is losses multiplies his store;
 for accomplice to the fire,
 t his palace but to build it higher.

Country-seats are purchas'
With lands and gardens, at less
You hire a darksome doghole by
A small convenience decently pr
A shallow well that rises in your
That spreads his easy crystal strea
And waters all the pretty spot of
There, love the fork, thy garden
And give thy frugal friends a Pyt
'Tis somewhat to be lord of some
In which a lizard may, at least, ti
'Tis frequent, here, for want of
Which fumes of undigested feasts
And, with imperfect heat, in lan
What house secure from noise the
When ev'n the rich can scarce aff
So dear it costs to purchase rest is
And hence the sources of disease
The

WIDOWS MIM, ONE JUSTICE IN THE SHOAL :
 ter breaks his head, or chairman's pole :
 ing'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes ; }
 some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd }
 ts his legs behind in bloody rows. [shoes ; }
 e with what smoke our doles we celebrate : }
 ndred guests, invited, walk in state : }
 ndred hungry slaves, with their Dutch }
 kitchens wait.
 : pans the wretches on their heads must bear,
 ch scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear :



... and each
But he, for whom this busy
Poor ghost! is wandering by
Affrighted with the ferryman
New to the horrors of that
His passage begs with unregard
And wants two farthings to do

Return we to the dangers
And, first, behold our houses
From whence come broken pots
down;

And leaky ware, from garret-windows
Well may they break our heads
flinty stone.

'Tis want of sense to sup abroad
Unless thou first hast settled thy
As many fates attend thy steps
As there are waking windows in
Bless the good!

a train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
My privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
Let me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Be lighted only with a candle's end,
For me he fights, if that be fighting, where
Be only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?

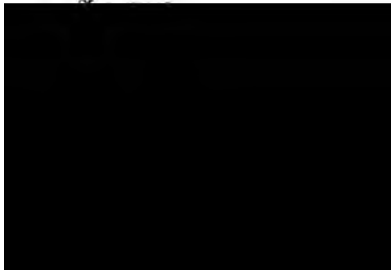


To save complaints and persecutions
Chac'd from their woods and mountains
To this vast city, as their native
To live at ease, and safely skulk.

The forge in fetters only is
Our iron-mines exhausted and
In shackles; for these villain's
Goads for the teams, and ploughs
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors
Beneath the kings and tribunals
One jail did all their criminals
Which now the walls of Rome

More I could say, more cause
For my departure; but the sun
The waggoner grows weary of me
And whips his horses forward on
Farewel; and when, like me, o'er
You to your own Aonian

THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENÁL.





... must have
peared without any of
poet therefore bear the
me satisfy the world that
the Roman ladies were
putations. They will re-
vices of an age, which was
They will bless themselves
related of Domitian's time
those monsters it produced
the species of those women
they were never here pro-
ceed to the argument
to them : and first observe
the most heroic of their vi-
digression. He skims the
when he seems to have tal-
den he returns to it : it is
ther in Messalina, but lust
begins with this text in the
permissions to the end of the
but that's a ten. The filler
revenge ; their contrivances
hide them ; their wit to excite
to own them, when they are
the persons to whom they are
they commonly bestow the la-
diers, singing-boys, and fence-
amongst them, are not
dowries.

Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
 e was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
 n in a narrow cave, their common shade,
 heep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
 n reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were
 spread .
 ountain-housewives for their homely bed,
 mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's
 head.





...uneasy
And both the sisters
From that old æra
So venerably ancient
Adulterers next in
And marriage-beds
All other ills did in
But whores and silv
Yet thou, they say,
Is this an age to bu
They say thy hair th
The wedding-ring pe
A sober man, like the
What fury would pos
Art thou of every oth
No knife, no ratsbane,
(For every noose comp
Is there no city-bridge
W...

resolution can appear so strange,
 a leacher, such a life to change?
 notorious whoremaster, to choose
 his neck into the marriage-noose?
 so often in a dreadful fright
 coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
 so wedlock dotingly betray'd,
 hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
 's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
 the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
 heifer with gilt horns be led
 regent of the marriage-bed,
 him every deity adore,
 a bride prove not an errant whore
 and tail, and every other pore. }
 ' feast restrain'd from their delight,
 sons there, but curse the tedious night:
 in their fathers dare salute, such lust
 ses have, and come with such a gust.
 now adorn thy doors, and wed;
 by bride, and such thy genial bed.
 thou one man is for one woman meant?
 er with one eye would be content.
 et 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
 small village, tho' fame says not where:
 ble; but sure no man she found;
 sert, all, about her father's ground:
 some lustful god might there make bold,
 and Mars grown impotent and old?

the park, the mall, the pla
Which way soever thy adve
Secure alike of chastity in a


One sees a dancing-maste
And raves, and pisses, with
And one is charm'd with the
Admires the song, but on th
The country lady in the box
Softly she warbles over all sh
And sucks-in passion, both a

The rest (when now the le
The noisy hall and theatres g
Their memories to refresh, ar
In borrow'd breeches act the
The poor, that scarce have w
Will pinch, to make the singi
The rich, to buy him, will re
And stretch his quail-pipe, till

Thus Hippia leath'd her old patrician lord,
And join him for a brother of the sword:
To wondering Pharos with her love she fled,
To shew one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind,
Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
False to them all; but constant to her kind,
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
See this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose;
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear;
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But woman-kind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord.

20 be call'd mistress
The gallant, of his da
Deep scars were seen
And all his batter'd li
A promontory wen, w
Stood high, upon the l
His blear eyes ran in
His beard was stubble,
But 'twas his fencing di
'Tis arms, and blood, ar
But should he quit his tr
Her lover would begin t
This was a private cri
What fruits the sacred br
The good old sluggard bu
When from his side upros
She who preferr'd the ple
To poms, that are but im
Strode from the palace, wit
To cope with a more mae

with desiring eyes.
 One drops, another takes his place,
 Affliction still succeeds to like disgrace.
 Though, when friendly darkness is expir'd,
 The very strumpet from her cell retir'd,
 Goes behind, and, lingering at the gate,
 A repining sigh submits to fate:
 Though without, and all a fire within,
 With the toil, unseated with the sin.
 Near'st her bed the modest matron seeks;
 And of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
 Smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
 Gives him back the product of the night.
 Should I sing what poisons they provide;
 Or their trumpery of charms beside;
 Or their arts of death: it would be known
 The smallest sin the sex can own.
 Still, they say, is guiltless found
 The vice, but



It is not that she's his wife,
Let her but have three wrin
Let her eyes lessen, and her
Soon you will hear the saucy
Pack up with all your trinkets
You grow offensive both at h
Your betters must be had to

Meantime she's absolute
And, knowing time is precio
She must have flocks of sheep
Than silk, and vineyards of
Whole droves of pages for h
And sweeps the prisons for a
In short, whatever in her eye
Or others have abroad, she v
When winter shuts the seas,
Make houses white, she to t
Rich crystals of the rock ch

Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight !
Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed :
If supercilious, haughty, proud and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

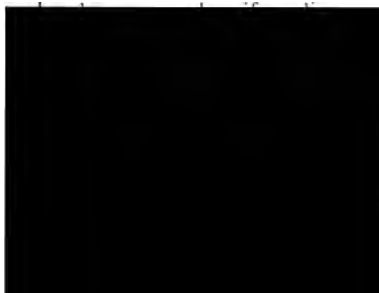
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go :
But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost ;
Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price ? If stately and severe,
She still insults, and you must still adore ;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praise :
Some faults, tho' small, intolerable grow ;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant ?
In Greece their whole accomplishments they seek :
Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek :



Tell all their secrets ; na
Ev'n in the feat of love,
Such affectations may bec
But thou, old hag, of thr
Is shewing of thy parts in
Zen xai ㄗㄨㄣ ! All those
The momentary trembling
The kind soft murmurs o
Are bawdy, while thou sp
Those words have fingers ;
They raise the dead, and m
But all provocatives from
No blandishment the slac
If then thy lawful spot
What reason should thy n
Why all the charges of th
Wine and desserts, and sw

thou leave to make a legacy.)
 perious wife thou art bereft ;
 ge to pimps and panders left ;
 ment's her will ; where she prefers }
 ns, drudges, and adulterers,
 all thy rivals for thy heirs. }
 ing that slave to death ; your reason, why
 e poor innocent be doom'd to die ?
 oofs ? For, when man's life is in debate,
 e can ne'er too long deliberate.



She cheats their cunning, o
The doctor's call'd; the dau
Pretends to faint; and in fa
The panting stallion, at the
Hears the consult, and wish
Canst thou, in reason, hope,
Should teach her other man
Her interest is in all th' adv
'Tis on the daughter's rents

No cause is try'd at the li
But women plaintiffs or defe
They form the process, all th
The topics furnish, and the
And teach the toothless law


They turn viragos too; t
They try, and smear their na
Against the post their wicke
Flourish the

what a decent sight 'tis to behold
 thy wife's magazine by auction sold !
 the belt, the crested plume, the several suits
 of armour, and the Spanish leather-boots !
 these are they, that cannot bear the heat
 of figur'd silks, and under sarcenet sweat.
 sold the strutting Amazonian whore,
 stands in guard with her right-foot before :
 her coats tuck'd up ; and all her motions just,
 she stamps, and then cries hah ! at every thrust
 the ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
 would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
 besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred :
 the curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
 when, when she has thee sure within the sheets ;
 her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
 conscious of crimes herself, she teazes first ;
 thy servants are accus'd ; thy whore is curst ;
 she acts the jealous, and at will she cries :
 her womens' tears are but the sweat of eyes.
 Or cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
 and suck'st between her lips the falling tear :
 to search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
 as tiller there with love-epistles lin'd.
 suppose her taken in a close embrace,
 as you would think so manifest a case,
 rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face ;
 yet, ev'n then, she cries, the marriage-vow
 mental reservation must allow ;

And men yourselves, and we
Yet *homo* is a common name
There's nothing bolder than
Guilt gives them courage to
You ask from whence pro
crimes?

Once poor, and therefore chaste
Our matrons were: no luxury
In low-roof'd houses, and bare
Their hands with labour harden'd
A frugal sleep supply'd the night
While pinch'd with want, the
When Hannibal was hovering
But wanton now and lolling:
We suffer all th' inveterate
And wasteful riot; whose desire
Revenge the vanquish'd wrong
No crime, no lustful postures
Since Poverty, our guardian
Pride, laziness, and all luxury

o, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
hot eringoes and fat oysters call :
brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust ;
mers, the last provocatives of lust.
in vapours to their swimming brains advance,
double tapers on the tables dance.
ow think what bawdy dialogues they have,
at Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
Modesty's old statue ; when by night
make a stand, and from their litters light ;
good man early to the levee goes,
treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.
he secrets of the goddess nam'd the good,
ev'n by boys and barbers understood :
are the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
with their bums, and are for action ripe ;
a music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair ;
toss'd their heads like an enamour'd mare :
'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies ;
ere not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
ing is feign'd in this venereal strife ;
downright lust, and acted to the life.
ll, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
loping on, would make old Nestor young.
tient of delay, a general sound,
universal groan of lust, goes round ;
ten, and only then, the sex sincere is found. }
is the time of action ; Now begin,
cry, and let the lusty lovers in.



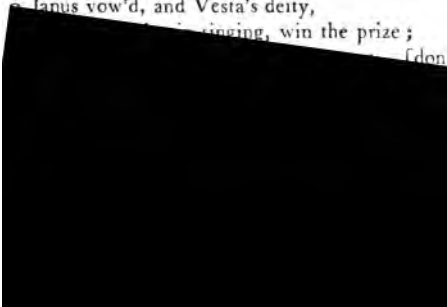
From those pollutions
But 'tis well known wh
A lewd audacious actio
Into the fair, with won
Arm'd with a huge two
A grateful present of t
Where the mouse, guil
And ev'n male-pictures
Yet no prophaneness or
No scoffers at religious
Tho' now, at every alt

I hear your cautious
Keep close your wome
But who shall keep the
In craft : begin with th
The sex is turn'd all w
And mistresses and mai

The poor Oculist

ly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear
think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
songs they love, the singer's voice they force
and his compass till his quail-pipe's hoarse ;
lute and lyre with their embrace is worn ;
with knots they trim it, and with gems adorn :
on over all the strings, and kiss the case ;
and make love to it, in the master's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,

Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
singing, win the prize ;
(don



And who is jilted for an
What pregnant widow is
How oft she did, and do

She, first, beholds the
Knows whom it threatens
Still for the newest new
And takes reports just e
Wrecks, floods, and fires
She s reads ; and is the

This is a grievance ;
A very judgment , and h
For, if their barking do
No prayer can bind her
Th' unmanner'd malefa

uge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
 : sour savour nauseates every nose.
 ks again; again she spews a lake;
 etched husband sees, and dares not speak:
 tters many a curse against his wife;
 nns himself for chusing such a life.
 f all plagues, the greatest is untold;
 k-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
 ic-dame, who at her table sits:
 and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits; }
 ies Dido's agonizing fits.
 so far th' ascendant of the board,
 ting pedant puts not in one word:
 n of law is non-plust, in his suit;
 ery other female tongue is mute.
 rs, and beating anvils, you would swear,
 ilcan with his whole militia there.
 nd trumpets cease; for she alone
 o redeem the labouring moon.
 t's a burthen, when it talks too long:
 who has no continence of tongue,
 alk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
 c among the philosophic herd.
 a midnight curse has he, whose side
 'd with a mood a figure bride!
 e, ye Gods! (if such must be my fate)
 c learn, nor history translate;
 er be a quiet, humble fool:
 wife to whom I go to school,

Conceal

For breaking Priscian's, dream

The gawdy gossip, when she

In jewels drest, and at each end

Goes flaunting out, and, in her

Thinks all she says or does is

When poor, she's scarce a thing

But rich, and fine, a wife's

She duly, once a month,

Mean time, it lies in daub,

Those are the husband's night

He takes fat kisses, and, is

But to the lov'd adulterer

Fresh from the bath, in bed

For him the rich Arabia's

And precious oils from dis

How haggardly soe'er she

Th' eclipse then vanishes

— and restor'd to

husband has been slack,
 forfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
 be sure, the servants go to wrack.
 her-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
 is stript and beaten out of doors.
 e house suffers for the master's crime :
 himself is warn'd, to wake another time.
 es tormentors by the year ; she treats
 rs, and talks ; but still she beats.
 e she paints her face, surveys her gown,
 e day's account, and still beats on :
 at length, with an outrageous tone,
 :m in the devil's name be gone.
 ith such a proud, insulting dame,
 ts may renounce their name.
 astes abroad to take the air,
 is' church (the bawdy-house of prayer)
 ll her hand-maids to the task :
 ne will :



As if her life and b
With curls on curls,
And mount it with a
A giantess she seems
And then she dwindl
Duck-legg'd, short-w
That she must rise or
Meanwhile, her husba
He may go bare, whil
She minds him not; s
But like a bawling nei
Near him, in this alor
Her hate to all his ser
Bellona's priests, an
About the streets a ma
The venerable gelding,
O'erlooks the herd of
Kia out

Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;

That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.

Thro' you they beat, and plunge into the stream,
If so the God has warn'd them in a dream.

Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng. }

Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command

A pilgrimage to Mero's burning sand,

Thro' deserts they would seek the secret spring;

A holy water for lustration bring.

How can they pay their priests too much respect,
Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domestic Gods discourse by night:

By day, attended by his choir in white,

The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro' the street,
And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.

The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights,

Who sins, thro' frailty, on forbidden nights;

And tempts her husband in the holy time,

When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.

The sweating image shakes his head, but he

With mumbled prayers atones the Deity.

The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,

And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.

No sooner these remove, but full of fear,

A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,

And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter he, }

Vers'd in the Talmud, and divinity,

And prophecies beneath a shady tree.



...ing, and some
Yet she interprets all
Foretels th' estate, wh
And sees a sweet-hear
Such toys, a pigeon's i
Which yet th' Armen
In dogs, a victim mor
And murder'd infants
For gain, his impious
For gain will his accor
More credit, yet, is
What they foretel, is c
Their answers, as from
Since now the Delphia
And mankind, ignoran
Believes what fond ast
Of these the most is
Beyond seas, is return'd

Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know :
But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest gift that heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the rest ;
If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest ;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
Who in these studies does herself delight,
By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn :
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
If but a mile she travel out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known,
And lucky moment ; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.
The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair, [fair. }
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more }
But rich the matron, who has more to give,
Her answers from the Brachman will receive :
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.

And the trusty taylor, and the co

Yet these, tho' poor, the p
And, without nurses, their ow
You seldom hear of the rich
For the babe, born in the grea
Such is the power of herbs ;
To make them barren, or their
But thou, whatever slops she v
Be thankful, and supply the de
Help her to make man-slaught
And never want for saving at h
For, if she holds till her nine r
Thou may'st be father to an Æ
A boy, who, ready gotten to th
By law is to inherit all, thy lan
One of that hue, that, should h
His omen would discolour all t

I pass the foundling by, a ra
At door expos'd, whom matron
And into noble families advance

... for him, as her own.
raving wife, the force of magic tries,
stres for th' unable husband buys:
ion works not on the part design'd:
his brains, and stupifies his mind.
ed moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
own business by another done;
blivion, a benumbing frost,
his head; and yesterday is lost:
bler juice would make him foam and rave,
Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
cking from the forehead of the sole
r's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
g blood ran hissing in his veins,
d vapour mounted to his brains.
erer was not half so much on fire,
's girdle kindled his desire.
n will not use the poisoning

THE MOTHER IS INTENDED FOR
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere
There's poison in thy drink.

You think this feign'd ;
Struts in the buskins of the
Forgets his business is to live
And will of deaths and dire
Would it were all a fable,
But Drymon's wife pleads
I (she confesses) in the fact
Two sons dispatching at one
What two ! Two sons, thou
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven
Medea's legend is no more
One age adds credit to anti
Great ills, we grant, in form
And murders then were done
Less admiration to great crimes

he laws did that exchange afford,
ave their lapdog sooner than their lord.
e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
temnestras grow in every street:
's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
ross butcher with a bloody knife;
ler, now, is to perfection grown,
le poisons are employ'd alone:
ome antidote prevents their arts,
s with balsam all the nobler parts:
a case, reserv'd for such a need,
han fail, the dagger does the deed.

TENTH

O

J U V E

==

Argun

THE Poet's design, in this divi-
 rious wishes and desires of ma-
 of them. He runs through a
 honours, eloquence, fame for n
 and beauty; and gives instance
 have proved the ruin of those
 cludes, therefore, that since we
 selves, we should do better to l
 choice for us. All we can safe

When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast;
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been of avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of martial'd figures can account



Will you not now
Who the same end
One pity'd, one con
One laugh'd at follie
Laughter is easy; but
What store of brine
Democritus could fee
His sides and should
Tho' in his country-t
Nor rods, nor ax, no
Nor all the foppish
Which cunning magi
What had he done
Our prætor seated, in
His chariot rolling o'
While, with dumb pr
He moves, in the dul
With Jove's embroid

... majesty)

appears before, and on the left and right
a balustrade of nobles, all in white ;
their own natures false and flattering tri-
umphant made his friends, by places and by brill-
iance his own age, Democritus could find
no cause to laugh at human-kind :
not from so great a wit ; a land of bogs
and ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with
corn a spirit fit to sway the state ;
to make the neighbouring monarchs fear
his fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears
at vain triumphs, and their vainer tears :
his equal temper in his mind he found,
Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd
he laugh'd, from hence, and what our vows requir'd
he took, useful things, or useless at the best.
He ask'd for envied none.



...your dog
Milk white, and la
Sejanus, with a ro
The sport and laug
Good Lord, they c
How foul a snout,
By heaven, I never
But say, how came
What is the charge
(The saviour of the
Nothing of this; b
A noisy letter to hi
Nay, sirs, if Cæsar
He's guilty; and th
How goes the mob?
When the king's tru
They follow fortune,
Is still against the ro

our wise fore-fathers, great by sea and land,
once the power and absolute command :
fices of trust, themselves dispos'd ; { depos'd.
| whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
| e who give our native rights away,
our enslav'd posterity betray,
ow reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
olidays to see a puppet-show.
ere was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt ;
arrants are already issued out ;
Brutidius in a mortal fright ;
dipt for certain, and plays least in sight :
the rage of our offended prince,
thinks the senate slack in his defence !
let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
purn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe :
t our slaves be present there, lest they
e their masters, and for gain betray.
were the whispers of those jealous times,
: Sejanus' punishment and crimes. [fate
ow tell me truly, would'st thou change thy
: , like him, first minister of state ?
ve thy levees crowded with resort,
depending, gaping, servile court :
se all honours of the sword and gown,
: with a nod, and ruin with a frown :
old thy prince in pupilage, and sway
monarch whom thy master'd world obey ?
e he, intent on secret lust alone,
to himself, abandoning the throne ;

I will believe, thou wouldst
For every man 's a fool to that
All wish the dire prerogative
Ev'n they would have the power
But would'st thou have thy will
To take the bad together with
Would'st thou not rather chuse
To be the mayor of some poor
Bigly to look, and barbarously
To pound false weights, and sell
Then, grant we that Sejanus
In every wish, and knew not
For he who grasp'd the world
Yet never had enough, but w
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of
Which, mouldering, crush'd
weight.

What did the mighty Power
It ruin'd him, who, greater than
The stubborn pride of Rome

opes, and aims at nothing less,
y, or Demosthenes:
rators, so much renown'd,
ths of eloquence were drown'd:
ad were never lost, of those
oggrel, or who punn'd in prose.
tun'd the dying notes of Rome:
sul sole, consol'd thy doom.'
ot below the lifted swords,
ce been to murder words.

in Marston, thank for rhymes



And signing casts a mo
Of every nation, each i
Such toys as these have
Exchanging solid quiet,
The windy satisfaction
So much the thirst o
So many would be great
For who would Virtue
Or wed, without the po
Yet this mad chase of fi
Has drawn destruction o
This avarice of praise in
Those long inscriptions,
Should some wild fig-tre
And heave below the ga
Would crack the marble
The characters of all the
For sepulchres themselves

passage thro' the living rocks he rent.
then, like a torrent rolling from on high,
he pours his head-long rage on Italy;
three victorious battles over-run;
yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
till level with the ground their gates are laid;
and Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
his picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
his sign-post dauber would disdain to paint

And, struggling, stretch'd
The narrow globe, to find
Yet, enter'd in the brick-
The tomb, and found the
' Death only this mysteri
' The mighty soul, how s
Old Greece a tale of
Cut from the continent, a
Seas hid with navies, cha
The channel, on a bridge
Rivers, whose depth no s
Drunk at an army's dinne
With a long legend of ro
Which in his cups the br
But how did he return, th
Who whipt the winds, and
(Tho' Neptune took unk

is a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the
such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
for an old grandam-ape, when, with a gra
she sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern f
In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue
The skull and forehead one bald barren place
And none would to a mangle meet in case

Under an actor's nose,
His boy must bawl,
The hour o' th' day, or
The little blood that cr
Is but just warm'd in a
In fine, he wears no lim
With sores and sicknesse
Ask me their names, I se
How many drudges on sa
What crowds of patients
Or how, last fall, he rais'
What provinces by Basilu
What herds of heirs by gu
What lands and lordships f
My quondam barber, but hi
This dotard of his broke
One his legs fail, and one h
Another is of h

his names he has forgotten quite ;
 at his friend who supp'd with him last night
 the children he begot and bred ;
 ill knows them not : for, in their stead
 of law, a common hackney-jade,
 for secret services, is made :
 and such a batter'd brothel-whore,
 defies all comers, at her door.
 to suppose his senses are his own,
 to be chief mourner for his son :
 to face his wife and mother burns :
 to see all his kindred in their urns.
 the fines he pays for living long ;
 in tedious age in his own wrong :
 to see his green, a household still in tears,
 a threshold throng'd with daily biers ;
 to see of black for length of years.
 the raven's age. the D.

turn'd,
Thus curs'd his age
And thus Ulyssus' father did complain,
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongst his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with
Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn
Had heaven so blest him, he had dy'd
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd
His town in flames, his falling more
In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by
To change his sceptre for a sword
His last effort before Jove's altar
A soldier half, and half a sacrificer
Falls like an ox, that waits the plow
Old and unprofitable to the power
At last he dy'd a man; his
To howl, and in a barking
Hasten to our own; no
dates, and ric

s chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
had left the Cambrian captives round
n streets; descending from his state,
st hour he should have beg'd his fate;
t, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
umphant soul with shouts expir'd.
ia, fortune's malice to prevent,
y an indulgent favour sent:
prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
h-lov'd leader and unkind reprieve.
fate and his conspir'd to save
reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.
is, tho' a traitor to the state.
r'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate:
us, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
ece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.
us, the fond mother makes a prayer,
er sons and daughters may be fair:
he boys a mumbling vow she sends;
: girls, the vaulted temple rends:
be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
auty made Latona proud:
d, to see the wondering people pray
v-rising sister of the day.
: Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
irginia would her fate bestow
; and change her faultless make
al rumple of her carnel-back.
his mether's boy the beau, what freights
s have by day, what anxious nights!

Inveterate truth, an old
Suppose that Nature, too
Infus'd into his soul a soul
And blusht a modest bloom
(For Nature is a better guide
Than saucy pedants, or doctors)
Yet still the youth must live
(So much almighty bribes
Ev'n with a parent, where
Money is impudent, and vain)
We never read of such
Who gelt a boy deform'd,
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious
E'er made a mistress of an
Sporus, his spouse, nor crept
With mountain-back, and hump
Cross-barr'd: but both his
Go, boast your Springal, be
To ills; nor think 'I have
His form procures him immortality

revengeful husbands oft' have try'd
 dling, than severest laws provide :
 one slashes ; one with cruel art,
 on suffer for the peccant part. [boy,
 Endymion, your smooth, smock-fac'd
 shall a beauteous dame enjoy ;
 re more sallacious, rich, and old,
 id buys her pleasure for her gold ;
 ist moil, and drudge, for one he loaths ;
 him high, in equipage and clothes :
 her jewels, and her rich attire,
 the workman worthy of his hire :
 s else immoral, stingy, mean ;
 lusts, a conscionable queen.
 be handsome, yet be chaste, you say ;
 vator, not so fast away :
 cost the modest youth his life,
 d th' embraces of his father's wife ?
 at t' other stripping forc'd to fly,
 y did his patron's queen deny ;
 d laws of hospitality ? }
 charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
 e they redden'd, and with spight grew
 ous to deny the longing dame ; [pale.
 ty, who has lost her shame.
 us wants thy counsel, gives advice ;
 's wife, or die ; the choice is nice.
 eyes she darts on every grace ;
 fatal liking to his face.

and portion paid, and every
Which in a Roman marriage
'Tis no stol'n wedding, these,
She scorns to marry, but in fi
In this moot case, your judgm
Is present death, besides the n
If you consent, 'tis hardly won
A day or two of anxious life)
Till loud reports thro' all the
And reach the prince : for cu
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, a
For not to take is but the self-
Inevitable death before thee lie
But looks more kindly thro' a
What then remains ? Are w
Must we not wish, for fear of w
Receive my counsel, and secur
Intrust thy fortune to the power
Leave them to manage for thee,
What their unerring wisdom see
In goodness

et not to rob the priests of pious gain,
altars be not wholly built in vain;
give the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
wealth of body, and content of mind :
ul, that can securely death defy,
count it Nature's privilege to die ;
ie and manly, harden'd to sustain
load of life, and exercis'd in pain :
tless of hate, and proof against desire ;
all things weighs, and nothing can admire :
dares prefer the toils of Hercules
alliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
he path to peace is Virtue: what I show,
self may freely on thyself bestow :
ine was never worshipp'd by the wise ;
set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

SIXTEENTH

OF

JUVEN

Argument

THE Poet, in this satire, proves, that a country-man, however affronted, dares not strike a soldier; w^ho is not to quarrel without the trench; a speedy hearing, and quick dismission, man or peasant is delayed in his law, and not sure of justice when he sues; a soldier is also privileged to make estate, which he got in the war, to the consideration of parentage, or recall to all other Romans. This satire was written when he was a commander in Ægypt; and if it be not finished. And if it be, find he intended an invective again

our is to a soldier better,
Juno's recommending letter,
then to Mars she would prefer
own the kindness done to her.
Our common privileges are :
no citizen should dare
soldier, nor, when struck, resent
or fear of farther punishment :
teeth are beaten out, his eyes
ring, in bumps his forehead rise,
time to mention his disgrace,
his for his demolish'd face.
He shall sit to try his cause,
acute, but by martial laws ;
Camillos order'd, to confine
of soldiers to the trench and line :
tion ; and from thence 'tis clear,
a soldier's cause should hear :
cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
he may hope to be reliev'd.
He : but with a general cry,
will rise in mutiny,
of their fellow-rogue demand,
d, will threaten to disband.
y action, and depart in peace ;
s worse than the disease :
worthy him, who in the hall
s fee, and for his client, bawl :
thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
can be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy

Besides, whom canst thou
Who dares appear thy business
Dry up thy tears, and pocket
Nor put thy friend to make
The judge cries out, Your
Will he, who saw the sold
And saw thee maul'd, appear
To witness truth? When
The dead, think I, are risen
And with their long spades bring
Our honest ancestors are come
Against a clown, with more
A witness may be brought
Than tho' his evidence be
To vouch a truth against a

More benefits remain, and
Which are a standing army
If any rogue vexatious suits
Against me for my known injuries
Enter by violence my fruits

e is call'd ; and that long look'd-for day
ncumber'd with some new delay :
the cloth of state is only spread,
the quorum may be sick a-bed ;
ge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
ht was bowsy, and goes out to piss :
rubs appear, the time is gone
ing, and the tedious suit goes on :
and belt-men never know these cares,
, nor trick of law their action bars :
use they to an easier issue put :



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PERSIUS.



THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
PERSIUS.

Argument

Of the Prologue to the first Satire.

sign of the author was to conceal his name and quality, ed in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims dly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes id. After this, he breaks into the honest and plain style which is chiefly to be observed in the first impudence of

I NEVER did on cleft Parn
Nor taste the sacred Helicon
Nor can remember when my
Was, by the Muses, into ma
My share in pale Pyrene I re
And claim no part in all the
Statues, with winding ivy cro
To nobler poets, for a nobler
Heedless of verse, and hopele
Scarce half a wit, and more tl
Before the shrine I lay my rugge
Who taught the parrot human
Or with a voice endued the ch
'Twas witty went C

Argument.

Of the First Satire.

peat, that the chief aim of the author is against this satire. But I must add, that he includes also who began at that time (as Petronius in the *book* tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by figures, ill-placed and worse applied. Amongst *ersius* covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose *ites* with scorn and indignation. He also takes noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in

FIRST SATIRE

A Dialogue between the Poet and his Friend

PERSIUS.

How anxious are our cares, and
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy spirit

For none will read thy satires.

Persius. Th

Friend. None; or what's ne

'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis no

That paltry scribblers have the

That this vast universal fool,

Should cry up Labeo's stuff,

They damn themselves; nor

Such, who fools

But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But fear; let fear, for once, to truth give way,
Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant-age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness wear: }
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear. }
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.



... thou feed
At his own filthy stall
And gives the sign w
Why have I learn'
I choke the noble vict
Know, the wild fig-tree
Will split the quarry,
Fine fruits of learning
Dar'st thou apply that
As if 'tis nothing worth
And 'science is not sci
Oh, but 'tis brave to be
The crowd, with pointing
That's he whose wondro
A lecture for the noble
Who, by their fathers, is
And often quoted when
Full gorg'd and flush'd

And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?

All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Meer malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,

That need not fish, or frankincense, to fear? }

Thou, whom I make the adverse part, to bear, }

Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.

Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize:
For mark what vanity within it lies.

Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,

Who would be poets, in Apollo's spight.

Them and their woeful works the Muse defies.

Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.


To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart }

To make a supper, with a fine dessert; [part. }

And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit im- }

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me
friend,

(For I love truth, nor can plain truth offend,)

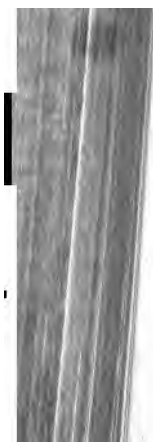


And all thy labours an
Thy strutting belly sw
Thou writ'st not, but
All authors to their
Hadst thou but, Janus
To see the people, wha
To mark their fingers,
Their tongues loll'd out
When most a-thirst, of
But noble scribblers are
For none dare find their
To pass the poets of pati
What is 't the common
The verse in fashion is,
Soft without sense, and w
So smooth and equal, tha
The rivet, where the poli
So even all

for false quantities, was whipt at school
 that day, and breaking grammar-rule,
 that trivial art was never try'd above
 a true description of a native grove ;
 knows not how to praise the country store,
 the baskets, nor the fatted boar ;
 but the flowery fields that paint themselves
 before.

Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
 whose shining plough-share was in furrows worn,
 his trembling wife returning home,
 stically joy'd, as chief of Rome :
 he'd the sweat from the dictator's brow ;
 when his back his robe did rudely throw ;
 the victors bore in state their lord's triumphant
 plough.

I love to hear the fustian poet roar ;
 I pore on antiquated authors pore :
 I rage for sense ; and think those only good
 whose words are most, and least are understood.
 thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach
 these sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech ;
 these new affected ways to try,
 without smoothness, female poetry ;
 could enquire from whence this motly stile
 that our Roman purity defile :
 these old dotards cannot keep their seat ;
 they slip and catch at all that's obsolete.
 These, by foolish ostentation led,
 call'd before the bar, to save their head,



Well mov'd, oh finely
Theft (says th' accuser)
O Pedius : what does g
Studious to please the g
With periods, points, and
' He robb'd not, but he
' And took but with int
He lards with flourishes
'Tis fine, say'st thou; wh
Effeminate Roman, shall
To tickle thee, and mak
Say, should a ship-wreck
Would'st thou be mov'd
An alms ? What's more
A merry beggar ? Mirth
Persius. He seems a
And cons, by night, his l

sius. Why name you Virgil with such fops as
truly great, and must for ever please : [these ?
erce, but awful, in his manly page ;
n his strength, but sober in his rage.

end. What poems think you soft ? and to be
languishing regards, and bending head ? [read
sius, ' Their crooked horns the Mimallonian
' crew

b blasts inspir'd ; and Bassaris who slew
scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
e from his neck his haughty head to fly.

Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
ed the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around ;
n from woods and flocks repairing echo's sound.
ld such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
any manly greatness left in Rome ?

s and Atys in the mouth were bred ;
ever hatch'd within the labouring head :
ood from bitten nails those poems drew :
urn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

end. 'Tis fustian all ; 'tis execrably bad :
they will be fools, must you be mad ?

satires, let me tell you, are too fierce ;
reat will never bear so blunt a verse.
doors are barr'd against a bitter flout :
if you please, but you shall snarl without.
t such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
in a very hopeful way to starve.

sius. Rather than so, uncensur'd let them be :
' is admirably well, for me.



'Tis holy ground ; you
This shall be writ to frigh
Who draw their little b
Yet old Lucilius neve
But lash'd the city, and
Mutius and Lupus both
He mouth'd them, and be
Unlike in method, with
Did crafty Horace his lov
And, with a sly insinuatir
Laugh'd at his friend, and
Would raise a blush, wh
And tickle, while he gent
With seeming innocence
But made the desperate pa
Could he do this, and i
By servile awe? Born free
At least I'll die a fre

10, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
 zeal, and equal indignation fir'd :
 at enormous villainy, turns pale,
 eers against it with a full-blown sail,
 Aristophanes, let him but smile
 at my honest work, though writ in homely
 two lines or three in all the vein [stile :
 or less drossy, read those lines again.
 they perform their author's just intent,
 in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
 from the reading of my book and me,
 they ye foes of virtuous poverty :
 Fortune's fault upon the poor can throw ;
 at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe :
 Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
 in weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear,
 thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
 at, perhaps, some country magistrate :
 whose power extends no farther than to speak
 at the bench, and scanty weights to break.
 at, also, for my censor I disdain,
 who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain ;
 who counts geometry, and numbers, toys ;
 with his foot, the sacred dust destroys :
 whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
 a sick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
 all the morning, to the pleadings run ;
 when the business of the day is done,
 eat, and drink, and drabs, they spend their }
 afternoon.

SECONI

P E R

=


Arg

THIS satire contains a most gra
concerning prayers and wish
sion to Juvenal's tenth satire;
ginal from one of Plato's dial
"biades." Our author has intro
art, by taking his rise from t
which occasions, prayers were
thenatives. Persius, comme
vows, descends to the impiou
The satire is divided into the

THE SECOND SATIRE.

*Dedicated to his friend Plotius Macrinus,
on his Birth-Day.*

On this auspicious morning be exprest
In a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest ;
As thy fame, and as thy honor clear :
Let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Enlarge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
For thy prayers the test of heaven will bear :





And one small
This is my
Of whom in ha
But my eternal
Survive to see t
Thus, that thou
Thy wishes, thou
In Tyber ducking
To wash th' obsc
But pr'ythe tell'n
With what ill tho
Would'st thou pre
I dipp'd among the
Which of the two
The trustier tutor t
Or, put it thus:—U
What to Jove's ear
He'll stare, and. O

And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and sacrifice ?
What well-fed offering to appease the God,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store ? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard ?
Our superstitions with our life begin :
Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes :
Then in the spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Retending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him some rich miser's
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king ; [heir,
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer :
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear ;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands :
A body made of brass the crone demands.
Or her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire :
Inconscionable vows, which when we use,
We teach the Gods, in reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish :
Let the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,
Would stop the grant: the very over-care
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.

And think'st that, when
Thou seest th' accompl
Now, now, my bearded
The scanty folds can se
The showers of gold ce
Thus dreams the wretch
Till his lank purse decl

Should I present the
Or gold as rich in wor
O how thy rising heart
And thy left side, with
Thou measur'st by thys
Thy Gods are burnish'
Thy puny Godlings of
Whose humble statutes
Should some of these,
 phlegm,
Foretell events or in a r

ir manners to the blest abodes,
hat pleases us must please the Gods.
assia one th' ingredients takes,
mixture, a rich ointment makes :
ls the way to dye in grain ;
Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain ;
shells their orient treasure takes,
r golden ore, in rivers rakes ;
the mass : all these are vanities !
ie profit from their pains may rise :
priest, if I may be so bold,
e Gods the better for this gold ?
that offers from his wealthy store
its, bribes the Powers to give him more :
Venus offer baby-toys,
marriage-bed with girls and boys.
or the Gods a gift prepare,
great man's great charges cannot bear :
re laws both human and divine,
nore than speculation shine :
irtue of a vigorous kind,
last recesses of the mind :
such offerings to the Gods I come,
s given, is worth a hecatomb.

THIRD SATIRE

OF

P E R S I U S.

Argument.

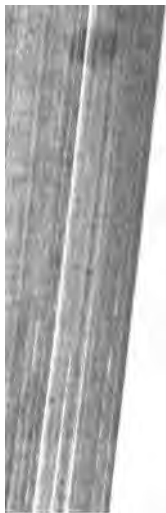
OUR author has made two satires concerning students, and the third: the first related to men; this denounces, whom he desired to be educated in the philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, in this admirable satire; where he upbraids sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he becomes a scholar reproaching his fellow-students with their books. After which he takes upon him the part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to the noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their great possessions of their fathers, they are neglecting to adorn their minds with precepts of moral philosophy, which he inculcates to them the miseries which

this thy daily course ? The glaring sun
 eaks in at every chink : the cattle run
 o shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
 et plung'd in sloth we lie ; and snore supine,
 fill'd with fumes of indigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears ;
 and loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
 The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
 his lazy limbs and dozy head to raise :
 then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate ;
 and cries, I thought it had not been so late :
 My cloaths make haste : why then ! if none be near,
 he mutters first, and then begins to swear :
 and brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
 than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
 and parchment with the smoother side display'd ;
 he takes the papers ; lays them down again ;
 and, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen :
 some peevish quarrel strait he strives to pick ;
 his quill writes double, or his ink's too thick ;
 he uses more water ; now 'tis grown so thin
 it sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day !
 the mortals born to sleep their lives away ?
 go back to what thy infancy began,
 thou who wert never meant to be a man :
 thy pap and spoon-meat ; for thy gewgaws cry :



Fool, 'tis thyself, and
Beware the public li:
Thou spring'st a lea.
A flaw is in thy ill b
'Tis hollow, and retu
Yet, thy moist clay
Unwrought, and easy
Now take the mold;
The first sharp motion
But thou hast land;
By a just title; costly
A fuming-pan thy Lar
What need of learning,
If this be not enough to
Then please thy pride
roll,
Where thou shalt find t
Drawn from the root of
And thou, a thousand of
Who

it 'tis in vain : the wretch is drench'd too deep ;
soul is stupid, and his heart asleep ;
lur'd in vice ; so callous, and so gross,
he sees not ; senseless of his loss.
When goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
helpless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great Father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times ;
tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
type, and true vicegerent of thy rage ;
punish him : set virtue in his sight,
let all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
set her distant, make him pale to see [bright :
pains outweigh'd by lost felicity !
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
emblems, rather than express the full
what he feels : yet what he fears is more :
the wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
with less dread, and more securely dine.
In his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice
wife ;
down, he goes ; and from his darling friend
reels the woes his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school :
I fled from pains, and loath to learn the part

But then my study was to cog t
And dextrously to throw the lucky
To shun ames-ace, that swept my
And watch the box, for fear they s
False bones, and put upon me in
Careful, besides, the whirling top
And drive her giddy, till she fell

Thy years are ripe, nor art tho
What's good or ill, and both thei
Thou in the stoick-porch, severely
Hast heard the dogmas of great Z
There on the walls, by Polygnotu
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-
Where the shorn youth to midni
Rouz'd from their slumbers to be
Where the coarse cake, and h
beans,

From rambling riot the young s

no mark, at which to bend thy bow
boy pursuest the carrion crow
ets, and with stones, from tree to tree
toil, and liv'st *extempore*?
disease in time: for, when within
rages, and extends the skin,
Hellebore the patient cries,
e doctor; but too late is wise:
or cure, he proffers half his wealth;
d Gibbons cannot give him health.
hes, learn the motions of the mind,
were made, for what you were
n'd;
it moral end of human kind.
: what rank or what degree
ator has ordain'd for thee:
ffices of that estate
with thy prudence guide thy fate.
be heard: nor more desire
decencies of life

And mouldy mother gathers
But, here, some captain of t
Stout of his hands, but of a
Cries, I have sense to serve
And he's a rascal who preten
Dammee, what-e'er those boc
say,

Solon's the veryest fool in all
Top-heavy drones, and always
(As over-ballasted within the
Muttering betwixt their lips so
Which, well-examin'd, is flat
Mere madmen's dreams: for w
have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be
From nothing; and, what is, can
to nought.

My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
 Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
 The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
 And, after, bid him for four days be still.
 Three days he took good counsel, and began
 To mend, and look like a recovering man:
 The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
 His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
 Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
 To pity his distress, who could not dine
 Without a flaggon of his healing wine. }
 He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
 Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
 Whom should he find but his physician there,
 Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
 Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
 Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
 'Tis nothing, says the fool: but, says the friend,
 This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
 Do I not see your dropsy belly swell?
 Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
 I have already bury'd two or three
 That stood betwixt a fair estate and me, }
 And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
 Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse,
 I've done, says the physician; take your course.
 The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again.
 His throat half-throttled with corrupted phlegm,
 And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:



And his teeth chatter
Till, with his meat,
Then trumpets, torch
Of hireling mourners,
Our dear departed bro
His heels stretch'd out,
And slaves, now manu
ter wait.

They hoist him on the
And there's an end of a
But what's thy fulsome
My body is from all dis
My temperate pulse doe
Feel, and be satisfy'd, m
These are not cold, ne
heat.

Or lay thy hand upon my
And thou shalt find me h
I grant this true : but,
Is in thy soul

These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth :
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth ?
Why stand'st thou picking ? Is thy pallat sore ?
That bete and radishes will make thee roar ?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind ;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd :
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow, }
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow ;
When fed with fuel and with flames below. }
With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise ;
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.



OF
PERSIUS

Argument.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero
friend to the noble Poet Lucan; both
ly sensible, with all good men, how
the commonwealth: and perhaps in
tyranny, by some passages, during t
five years; though he broke not on
while he was restrained by the cou
neca. Lucan has not spared him in
for his very compliment looked :
Persius has been bolder, but with ca
in the person of young Alcibiades,
meddling with state-affairs, witho
It is probable that he makes Senec
part of Socrates, under a borrowe
covers some secret vices of Nero
drunkenness, and his effeminacy;
public notice. He also repreh
need to make

On state affairs the guide to government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou
To undertake, so young, so vast a care? [p
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the birth
'Tis seldom seen that senators so young
Know when to speak and when to hold their tongue

Unseasonably wise, till age
Have form'd thy soul, to
Thy face, thy shape, thy
Thou hast not strength suc
Drink hellebore, my boy, c
thy brain.

What aim'st thou at, and w
In what thy utmost good?
And, then, to shun thyself
Hold, hold; are all thy
A good old woman would
But thou art nobly born, 't
Thy pedigree, the thing the
Besides, thou art a beau: w
A fop well drest, extrava
She, that cries herbs, has le
And, in her calling, more c
None, none descends into

Ever a glutton at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest-home, and on the sheering-day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres ; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:

When, prone to death, ...
Thou tak'st the pleasure w
With odorous oil thy head
And then thou kemb'st th
Of these thy barbers take
While thy salt tail is over
Not all thy pincers, nor u
Can smooth the roughness
Not five, the strongest th
From the rank soil can ro
Though suppl'd first with
The stubborn fern springs

Thus others we with d
While they stab us; and
Vain are thy hopes, to 'sc
Truth will appear throug
Thou hast an ulcer which
Though thy broad shoulde
Say thou art sound and ha
We know, we know thee

f some alluring girl, in gliding by,
 hall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
 And thou with a consenting glance, reply ; }
 f thou thy own solicitor become,
 and bid'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
 f thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
 and prompts to more than nature can perform ;
 f, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by
 night,
 and dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight ;
 f thou thyself the assassin wouldst to be :

PEI

In

THE judicious Casaubon, in that Aristophanes the grammarian of Archilochus's Iambics answered, the longest. His and this fifth satire; which, being the rest, is also, by far, the best I have selected it from all the learned master, Doctor Busby myself for the best part of my two sons; but have also received the truest taste of Persius. My translation, the gratitude, or acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, four years, from the time of tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct praises of the stoic philosopher to our Persius. It also declares, to his well known

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. BUSBY.


The Speakers *Persius* and *Cornutus*.

P E R S I U S.

ent use to poets it belongs,
themselves an hundred mouths a
ongues :

to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
commend the labours of the stage,
he Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
g the Roman javelin from his thigh
s. And why would'st thou these mi
orsels chuse,

unchew'd, and fit to choak the Musi
poets, with their stuff, be gone,
the mists that hang o'er Helicon.



To laugh at romes, c
Hence draw thy them
Raw-head and bloody
Ragousts for Tereus c
'Tis task enough fo
feast.

Persius. 'Tis not
In lofty trifles, or to
With wind and noise
As to a friend, the se
And, in familiar spee
How much I love the
Knock on my heart :
If it sound solid, or
And, through the vei
the naked mi
For this a hundred
To tell thee what a b

When with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street, and sin without control ;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy strait rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand :
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse ;
And winter-nights were short in our converse :
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone ;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one :
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the rising Balance we were born ;
Both have the same impressions from above ;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

Cornutus. Nature is ever various in her frame :
Each has a different will; and few the same :
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for spices, their Italian ware ;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep :

And chalk is in his crippled finge
Rees like a dodder oak, and p
ground ;

Then his lewd follies he would
And his past years, that in a mis
Persius. But thou art pale, in
To make the stoic institutes thy
Thou long with studious care has
And sown our well-purg'd ear
truth.

From thee both old and young, wi
The bounds of good and evil to

Cornutus. Unhappy he who
adjourn,

And to to-morrow would the sea
His lazy morrow will be like to-

Persius. But is one day of
borrow ?

Cornutus. Yes, sure : for ye

O freedom ! first delight of human kind !
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles : not yet t' inscribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe :
That false enfranchisement with ease is found :
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free ?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside ;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd ;
But, with a turn, a freeman he became ;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good Gods ! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become !
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Or certain truth, He said, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd ; put in your claim ;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe :
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live ?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the stoic, your assumption's wrong :
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd :
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
What, since the prætor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law ?

True freedom ; nor to teach man
What to ourselves, or to our friend
He could not set thee free from care
Nor give the reins to a lewd vice
As well he for an ass a harp might
Which is against the reason of the
For reason still is whispering in
Where you are sure to fail, th'
No need of public sanctions this
Which Nature has implanted in
Not to pursue the work, to which
design'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou
To mix it, and mistake the quantity
The rules of physic would again
The high-shoe'd ploughman, should
land,

To take the pilot's rudder in hand
Artless of stars, and of the moon
The gods would leave him to himself
The shame was lost in

When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
 But never craving, or oppress with care ?
 The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
 And look on wealth with undesiring eyes ?
 When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
 Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately, of the common strain,
 Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
 The same ill habits, the same follies too,
 Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
 Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
 Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
 Thou canst not wag my finger, or begin
 ' The least light motion, but it tends to sin.'

How's this ? Not wag thy finger, he replies ?
 No, friend,; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
 Can ever make a madman free, or wise. }
 ' Virtue and vice are never in one soul :
 ' A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool.'
 A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
 Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

Persius. In spite of this, my freedom still
 remains.

Cornutus. Free ! what, and fetter'd with so
 many chains ?

Canst thou no other master understand
 Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand ?
 Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
 With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,

Art thou not still a slave,
Whether alone, or in the
When thou would'st take
Up, up, says Avarice ; t
Stretchest thy limbs, and
The tyrant Lucre no der
At his command th' unw
What must I do ? he cri
Why, rise, make ready,
With fish, from Euxine
Flax, castor, Coan wine
Of pepper, and Sabæan
With thy own hands,
back :

And with post-baste thy
Be sure to turn the per
'Tis wholesome sin : b
hear :

Swear, fool, or starve ;
A tradesman thou ! and

art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
 stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the
 bubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid, [sea?
 In a brown george, with lowsy swobbers fed,
 dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
 rom a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
 y, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store
 om six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more?
 ndulge, and to thy genius freely give;
 or, not to live at ease, is not to live;
 eath stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
 oes some loose remnant of thy life devour.
 ive, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
 name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, chuse
 o be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
 ut both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
 nd thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think, when once thou hast resisted one,
 hat all thy marks of servitude are gone:
 he struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
 ; when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
 o this uneasy love I'll put an end:
 hall I run out of all? my friends disgrace,
 nd be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
 hall I the neighbours nightly rest invade
 t her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
 Vell hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,
 o, thank the Gods, and offer sacrifice.

ONE BREAKS IN

She knows her man, and, when ye
Can draw you to her, with a sing
But shall I not return? Now, w
Shall I my own, and her desires
Sir, take your course : but my ac
Once freed, 'tis madness to resum

Ay ; there's the man, who, lo
Less to the prætor owes, than to
But write him down a slave, wh
With presents begs preferments
That early suppliant, who salutes
And sets the mob to scramble for
That some old dotard, sitting in
On holidays may teil, that such
In future times this will be coun

Thy superstition too may clai
When flowers are strew'd, and lan
And windows with illuminations
On Herod's day ; when sparklin

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT

ree garlick-heads the curse avert,
h morn, devoutly, next thy heart.
his among the brawny guards, say'st thou
they thy doctrine will allow:
fat captain, with a hound's deep throa
flow out a laugh, in a base note;
a hundred Zeno's just as much
ixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

OF
P E R S


Argument

THIS sixth satire treats an admirable philosophy; of the true use intended, by the power who and helps of living commodities, to the wants of others, There are two extremes in them. One error, though on is, that they are no helps to all our happiness in the acquisition and this is, undoubtedly, the twixt these. is the opinion of may be useful to the leading rightly understand how to give how to receive what is given giving well, is called liberali Persius writes in this satire; lawful use of riches, but all vices which are opposed to it in the defects of giving

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change
And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat? [s
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the Muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first-created spring,



I then flourish

And last of all the line did into

Secure and free from business

And more secure of what the vul

Here I enjoy my private thoughts

What rots for sheep the souther

Survey the neighbouring fields,

When I behold a larger crop th

To see a beggar's brat in riches

Adds not a wrinkle to my even

Nor, envious at the sight, will

My plenteous bowl, nor bate my

Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine

Of cask; nor in a nasty flaggon

Let others stuff their guts with

For men of different inclination

Though born perhaps beneath

In minds and manners twins of


In the same sign, almost the s

One, frugal, on his birth-day

Does at a penny's cost in herb

And dares to dip his fi

For be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness, hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
He impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
How lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away;
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
No odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?



And envenomed
Now toys and tr
And dates and p
Our sweating bir
Infecting homely
But to thy fortun
For what hast the
And thou who gal
For I would whis
Hear'st thou the i
come

With laurel'd lette
Cæsar salutes the c
My arms are on th
From mourning alt
Cease fasting, and p
The goodly empres
Is to the welcome h

peace at home, and for the public wealth,
mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health :
sides, in gratitude for such high matters,
now I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
, would'st thou hinder me from this expence ;
inherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
t more, a public largess I design
oil and pies, to make the people dine :
ntrol me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
u give as if you were the Persian king :
ur land does not so large revenues bring.
ell ; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir ?
thou car'st little, less shall be my care :
ere none of all my father's sisters left :
y, were I of my mother's kin bereft :
ne by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
t I could some adopted heir provide.
eed but take my journey half a day
om haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
here Fortune throws poor Manius in my way. }
m will I choose : What ! him of humble birth,
scure, a foundling, and a son of earth ?
scure ? Why pr'ythee what am I ? I know
father, grandsire, and great-grandsire too.
farther I derive my pedigree,
an but guess beyond the fourth degree.
e rest of my forgotten ancestors
ere sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

in nature's race, sh
My torch, when I i
Think I approach th
With wings on head
Thy moderate fortun
Now fairly take it, c
But take it as it is, a
What, when thou ha
Where's all thy fathe
Some I have mortgag
The legacies of Tadi
All spent, and on the
How little then to my
Little indeed ; but ye
Nor tell me, in a c
Be careful still of the
Put out thy principal
Live on the use ; and
But yet what's left fo
Ask that again. and all

Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?

That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on gible-pie?

And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?

Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;

Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to
pole:

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!

How large a family of brawny knaves,

Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!

Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;

'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score;

To every thousand add ten thousand more.

Then say, Chrysippus, thou who would'st confine

Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

JUV. AND PERS. N



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ODES.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

Inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales,
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore,
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.

}

And monsters rolling
Could through the ran
With storms above, a
In vain did Nature's w
Divide the waters from
If daring ships, and m
Invade th' inviolable r
Th' eternal fences over
And pass at will the b
No toil, no hardship c
Ambitious man inur'd
The more confin'd, th
And at forbidden quar
Thus hold Prometheus
And stole from heav'r
A train of ills, a ghast
The robber's blazing t
Fierce Famine, with l
And fevers of the fier
In swarms th' offendin

from our audacious crimes;
hail at Jove's imperial crown,
hail th' unwilling thunder down.

I.

BEHOLD yon' mountain's hoary
 Made higher with new mounts
 Again behold the winter's weight
 Oppress the lab'ring woods bel
 And streams, with icy fetters bo
 Benumb'd and cramp't to solid gr

II.

With well heap'd logs dissolve
 And feed the genial hearth wi
 Produce the wine that makes us
 And sprightly wit and love in
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his care, pro

III.

Let him alone, with what he r
 To toss and turn the world
 At his command the storms in
 The winds by his commissio
 and he bids 'em co

V.

e golden early joys
 th, unsour'd with sorrow, bears,
 ing Time the taste destroys,
 kness and unwieldy years.
 ports, for pleasing rest,
 ime to be possess'd ;
 but in season best.

VI.

ed hour of promis'd bliss,
 ing whisper in the dark,
 willing willing kiss,
 that guides thee to the mark,
 ind nymph would coyness feign,
 it to be found again ;
 are joys the gods for youth ordain.

*Paraphrased in Pindaric
Hon. Laurenc*

DESCENDED of an
That long the Tuscan
Make haste to meet th
Whose piercing is for
The rosy wreath is re
And artful hands prep
The fragrant Syrian
hair.

When the wine spark
And the well-natur'd
Make haste, and leav
No mortal int'rest car

That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty :
A sav'ry dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
The Syrian star
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky ;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above
us fry.

The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and
streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the
raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new lord may'r,
And what the City factions dare,

the dark decrees of future f
And sown their seeds in dep
He laughs at all the giddy tu
When mortals search too so

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling bo
And put it out of Fortune's
The tide of business, like t
Is sometimes high, and some
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuo
And always in extreme.
Nor with a noiseless gentle co
It keeps within the middle be
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it v
And trunks of trees come roll
Sheep and their folds togethe
Both house and homestead into
And rocks are from their old
And woods, made thin with

av'n itself upon the past has pow'r ; [hour:
at has been has been, and I have had my

IX.

that, with malicious joy,
an, her slave, oppress,
of her office to destroy,
m pleas'd to bless ;
rious, and unconstant still,
h an inclination to be ill,

1 = 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

By human pinnacle I can stand
Contemning all the blust'ring
And running with a merry
With friendly stars my safety
Within some little winding
And see the storm ashore,

How rich in humble poverty, is he
Who leads a quiet country life,
Discharg'd of bus'ness, void of strife,
And from the griping scriv'ner free?
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.

And clust'ring grapes,
The fairest of his fruit he
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus, too, his part do
Whose care the fences
Sometimes beneath an arbor
Or on the matted grass
No god of sleep he need
The stream that o'er the
With gentle slumber
The wind that whistles th
Maintains the consort
And hidden birds with na
The golden sleep-proc
But when the blast of W
And hoary frost invert
Into the naked woods he

Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And, without noise, will oversee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty, and over-labour'd home:
If she in pens his flocks will fold.

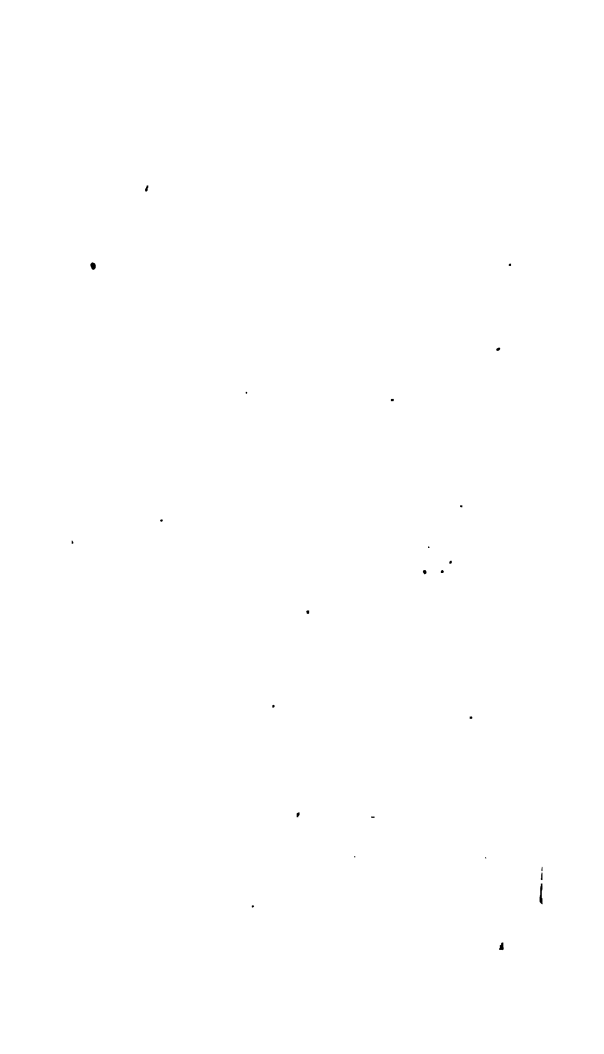
Bear on their necks the loosens
To look upon his menial crew,
That sit around his cheerful
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and c
This Morecraft said within him
Resolv'd to leave the wicked T
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in :
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former sh
He put it out again.

FINIS.

CONTENTS.

	Page
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.	
— I. -----	7
— III. -----	18
— VI. -----	35
— X. -----	66
— XVI. -----	86
— PERSIUS.	







1888



